Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 100.—Vol. VIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, November 1, 1905 [Price, 6d. By Post. 6½d.

Photo by *Lafayette*

Lady Mary Hamilton, one of the richest heiresses of the century

Lady Mary Hamilton, daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton, came of age yesterday (Tuesday). She is very fond of sport, and recently took over the Mastership of the Hamilton Harriers. Her seats are Brodick Castle, Isle of Arran, and Easton Park, Wickham Market

No. 100.—Vol. VIII.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

THE COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS.

THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. The 6 o'clock programme is entirely different from that at 3 and 9 o'clock. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.

Prices: Boxes, £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s.; Fauteuils, 10/6 and 7/6; Stalls, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, and 2/- (Telephone No. 7689 Gerrard); Grand Tier, 1/-; Balcony, 6d. (Telephone No. 7699 Gerrard). Children under twelve half price to all Fauteuils and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

EMPIRE THEATRE LEICESTER SQUARE

EVERY EVENING at 8.15 (Doors 8),
"THE BUGLE CALL,"
Supported by Specially Selected Varieties.
MATINÉE, SATURDAY, at 2. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

"Barbara Revell." By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Heinemann: 6s.)

"Kipps." By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan: 6s.)

"Wild Wheat." By M. E. Francis. (Longmans, Green: 6s.)

"A Bit of a Rogue." By Nat Gould. (John Long: 1s.)

"The Jade Eye." By F. Hume. (Long: 6d.)

"Mr. Lion of London." By J. J. Bell. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5s.)

"The Cherry Riband." By S. R. Crockett. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)

"Lady Mary of the Dark House." By C. N. Williamson. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)

"The Unknown Depths." By C. O'Donnell. (Greening: 6s.)

"Paths of the Dead." By Hume Nisbet. (Greening: 6d.)

"Paradise." By A. Brown. (Constable: 6s.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"Japan: From the Old to the New." By R. G. Webster, LL.B., J.P. (Partridge: 6s.)

"Madame Geoffrin." By Janet Aldis. (Methuen: 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Secret of Popularity." By Emily Holt. (Methuen: 3s. 6d. net.)

"Master Workers." By Harold Begbie. (Methuen: 7s. 6d. net.)

"Lilliput Revels." By W. B. Rands. (John Lane: 6s.)

"Alroy." By the Earl of Beaconsfield. (John Lane: 1s. 6d. net.)

"The Stoat Park." By G. G. Desmond. (Alston Rivers: 5s.)

"With the Abyssinians in Somaliland." By Major J. Milles Jennings. (Hodder and Stoughton: 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Speculations of John Steele." By Robert Barr. (Chatto and Windus: 6s.)

"Maker of English Fiction." By W. J. Dawson. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)

"The Royal Navy List." (Witherby and Co.: 10s.)

"Punctuation Simplified." By T. Bridges. (Published by the Author: 6d.)

"The Children's Morning Message." By Amy Le Feuvre. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5s.)

DEAN'S RAG BOOKS: "Bunnieland" (1s. net); "Dollies' A.B.C." (1s. net); "A Was an Archer" (3s. 6d.); "Toddle's A.B.C." (6d.); "Jack Tar" (6d.); "Rock-a-Bye" (1s.); "Puffing Billy" (1s.)

"Kingdoms Curious." By Myra Hamilton. (Heinemann.)

"Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle." By C. and F. Brookfield. 2 vols. (Pitman: 28s. net.)

"After-Dinner Ballads." By H. C. S. Colborne. (Greening: 2s.)

"The Doings of Arthur." By J. Brown. (Methuen: 2s. 6d.)

"The Life of Walt-Whitman." By H. B. Binns. (Methuen: 10s. 6d. net.)

"Nature in Eastern Norfolk." By A. H. Patterson. (Methuen: 6s.)

CARLTON CLASSICS: Thackeray's "Four Georges": Macaulay's "Warren Hastings"; Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." (John Long: 1s. net, 6d. net, and 3d. net.)

Random Jottings

Count Witte's solemn statement to a deputation of strikers that "A continuance of disorder may result in the downfall of the Government" appears to be in process of being fulfilled. There are, usually, three stages on the road to revolution. The first is, misgovernment; the second, disorder; the third, famine. Russia has got as far as the third. It is a bad omen when the prices of things begin to be quoted. And to-day "Meat is two shillings a pound"; "Milk is sixpence a glass." Soon some humorist of the Revolution will be putting up the notice at his shop-window: "Archdukes are Cheap To-day."

Advocates of thrift seem to have been much struck by the action of the bride who, during her recent marriage-service, knelt on a cushion composed of letters she had received from the bridegroom. Of course, some people will maintain that this is not the right way to treat *billets-doux*, but what do they recommend instead? In Early Victorian times, the maiden used to wear the young man's letters next her heart, and it was a pretty notion. But then those were the days of short engagements. There was no penny postage. Frocks were constructed differently. Nowadays, it would be impossible to wear in that romantic locality all the letters a young man—writing, say, once a day (a modest computation, I am told)—sends in the course of a five years' engagement. It would never do at all. But the cushion offers a simple substitute. A cushion is always handy, and a young man, who is in most cases conscious that letter-writing is not his forte, will have the satisfaction of knowing that he is contributing to the stuffing of this very useful article.

I am wondering what will be the next move of the newspaper proprietor. Libraries are all very well, but when, for the modest outlay of a few shillings, a man has read six newspapers a day and sixty thousand books a year (the exact figures I forget), he will begin to want something else. Logically, the next proceeding will be the establishment of opticians' premises in connection with the daily paper. Readers, whose eyesight has been injured by these sixty thousand books per annum, should be entitled to go there and get their eyes tested for the *Times* pince-nez, the *Standard* lorgnette, or the *Daily Mail* magnifying-glass After the eyes, the brain, and a bright piece of journalistic enterprise will be begun by the paper which first offers to its readers — fagged out by their efforts—the privilege of a cubicle in a private asylum.

The all-absorbing topic

"And what do *you* think of the New Zealanders, Mrs. Hobbs?"

The Post Office is always thoughtful, and the arrangement it has made by which Christmas letters can be sent off now to wait at the Manchester Post Office until the happy day comes, is only one example of many thoughtful things it does. Probably, however, there will be some grumblers who will say they would rather send off their Christmas letters at Christmas than at Michaelmas. They will urge that items of information concerning their health at Christmas would reach their friends with greater accuracy if written about that time, as well as posted then. They will point out that they do not care to write now to people with whom they may have quarrelled in the next two months. Certainly, it might mar the peace of a lady's Christmas Day if she knew that a card, posted in October, and bearing the lines:

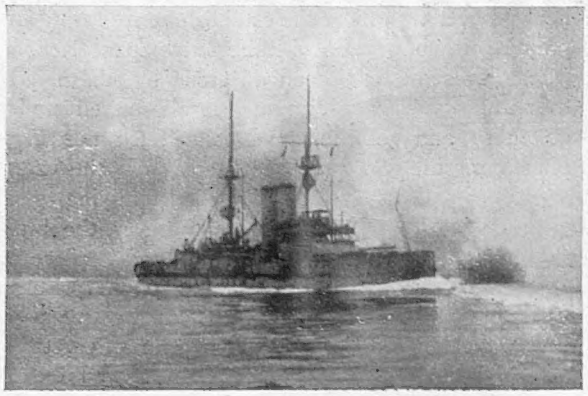
> May love and friendship greet you now
> Beneath the cheerful holly-bough.
> With love from MOUSIE—

were going to be delivered to another lady, who in November called her a nasty cat, and with whom she has not since been on speaking terms. But that cannot be helped. What the Post Office no doubt feel is, that it is better for letters written at Michaelmas to reach their destination at Christmas than for letters written at Christmas to reach their destination at Midsummer.

The Chiddington (Mixed) Hockey Club

(From the Diary of its ex-Secretary)

OCTOBER 2.—To-day Sheba Vane and Ethel Parkinson and I founded the Club. We had often spoken of it, but, as Sheba has weak ankles and Ethel hates anything she can't dress for, it was only my enthusiasm that carried the scheme. Very meanly, Ethel voted for Sheba as Captain, and Sheba voted



H.M.S. "King Edward VII." at Target Practice off Tetuan Coast of Morocco

for Ethel as Treasurer, though Ethel never goes out without losing her purse. I am Secretary. We shall black-ball the Jervais girls if they try to join, as we do not want anyone dowdy. Old Mr. Gerton has promised the Club the use of his field, and I have already been over to explain to the gardener where to put up the goal posts. Sheba didn't even know there were such things.

OCTOBER 9.—Committee meeting. Ethel proposed that we should invite men to become members. She said we were a country club, and it would be nicer. As I prefer to play with men myself, and nobody else seemed to mind, it was carried. We decided to ask Mr. Timbrell, the new curate, Dr. Stubbs, and any brothers of members who cared to join.

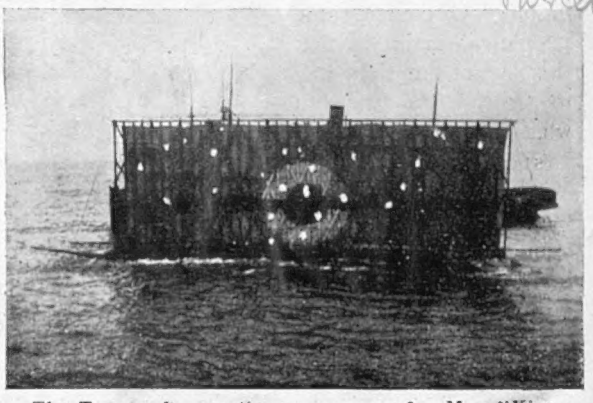
OCTOBER 16.—We practiced to-day, and I got two goals—the only ones scored. Ethel was very bitter about this, and claimed fouls for both, but as nobody was umpiring, I laughed at the idea. Why cannot a girl take two slight hits on the knee more sweetly than Sheba did? I was sorry about the third, because it was on her head, and I was using all my strength. She must have been stooping. Mr. Timbrell has written accepting membership. Dr. Stubbs has refused. He says he will be honorary physician to the club, if we like, but not an active member, as there is no other doctor in the neighbourhood. I can see nothing humorous in a remark like this.

OCTOBER 17.—I hear that Miss Parker has written to one of the ladies' papers asking for a pattern for shin-guards. She means to work them in red for Mr. Timbrell—with his initials in green silk. There is no modesty nowadays.

OCTOBER 23.—A most successful day. Some of the girls are beginning to get quite an idea of the game. Mr. Timbrell turned up, but, as he wore ordinary trousers, it was impossible to tell if he had the shin-guards on or not. Judging from the fuss he made about a slight tap he received from my stick—due to his own clumsiness—he hadn't them on. The feature of the day, however, was Captain FitzAndrew, who turned up and refereed. He is staying with the Shadwells, and admired my play immensely. He has promised to play in our match next week, and particularly asked that he might play on my side. Sheba won't like that. There was rather a bother to-day, because Miss Parker hit Ethel behind the ear, when Ethel was trying to get the ball away, and our side scored. The others claimed a foul, but that was absurd, as Ethel and Miss Parker were playing together.

OCTOBER 25.—Committee meeting. Mr. Timbrell has sent in his resignation. I never knew how hateful Ethel could be until she said that why Captain FitzAndrew had asked to play on my side was because he considers it safer not to play against me.

OCTOBER 30.—It has been a wretched day, and I never wish to play hockey again. To begin with, it rained all yesterday, and the ground was so muddy that it gave every advantage to thin, skinny girls. I am not in the least fat, but my efforts rather exhausted me. That is how Sheba managed to get the ball away from me at a critical portion of the game. It wasn't her skill at all, and I was particularly annoyed, as Captain FitzAndrew was just behind me and had asked me to pass, which I was going to do in a minute. My annoyance gave me speed, for I almost got up to Sheba again. Not quite up—but near enough to get my stick round her left ankle and pull her to the ground. She fell, with her usual slight scream. "Now, Captain FitzAndrew," I cried, "follow me!" and I ran on with the ball. It was beautifully done, and I can hardly set down what



The Target, after practice by gunners of H.M.S. "King Edward VII."

Fifty hits were scored on this occasion. The target was subsequently broken up in the gale which drove H.M.S. *Assistance* ashore

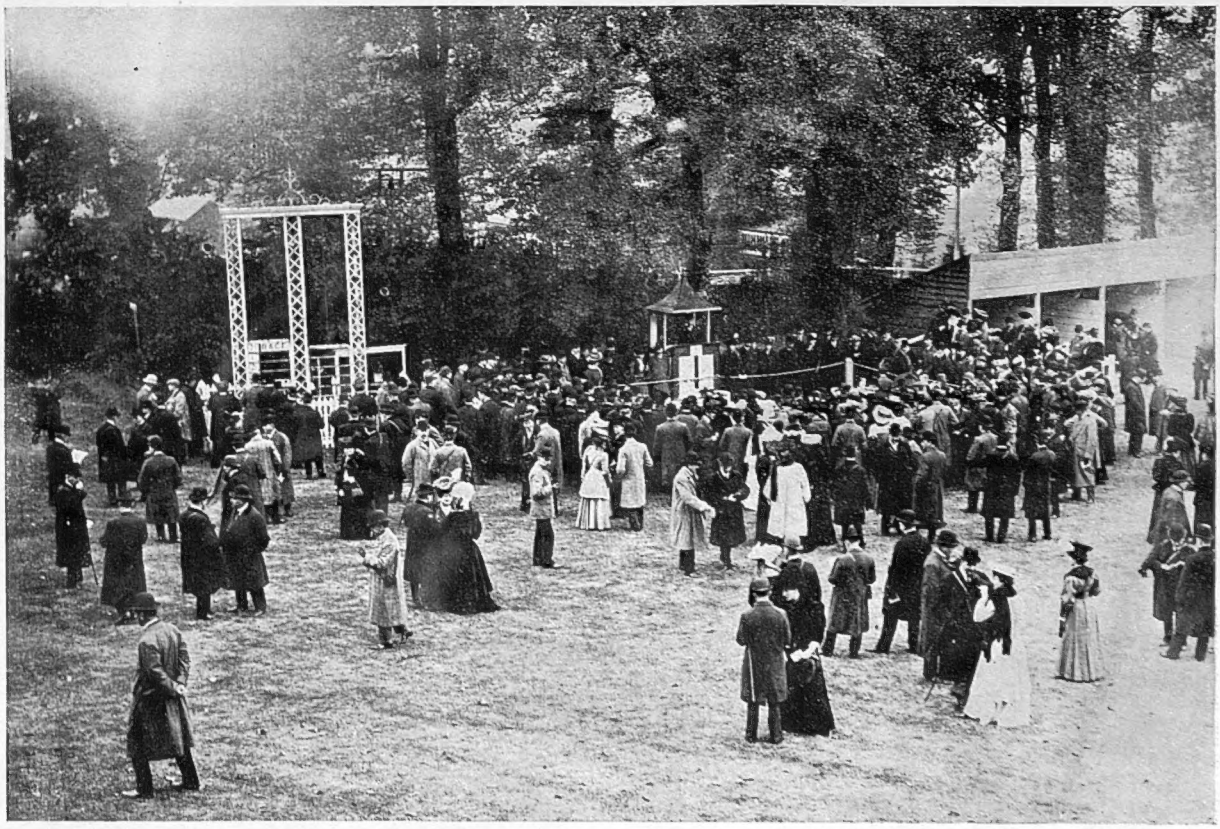
followed—it was so insufferable. Instead of backing me up, Captain FitzAndrew stopped and knelt down beside Sheba. Ethel says he said, "Did she hurt you, darling?" All I know is, that when I turned round, he was carrying her off the field in his arms. She wasn't hurt a bit really, but they made a heroine of her, and she sat and looked on for the rest of the game. Captain FitzAndrew never spoke to me even, and we lost.

NOVEMBER 1.—Sheba is engaged to Captain FitzAndrew. Ethel told me so, with her nastiest smile. I have sent in my resignation with some sarcastic remarks.

The Opening of the Steeplechasing Season

At Sandown Park: Norbiton Handicap Hurdle Race

A feature of a pretty race, won by "Silver Tyne," was the fact that six of the field jumped the last hurdle side by side



At Sandown Park: Round the Sale Ring

The campaign "over the sticks" opened in fine fashion last Saturday with the Sandown Park October fixture. A large attendance and big fields proved the order of the day, the pleasantness of which was marred by the unfortunate accident to R. Morgan, who broke his leg in the Park Handicap Steeplechase

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Cats!

THE Cat Show at the Crystal Palace is altogether a lighter, more frivolous, and—dare one say it—a prettier Show than that of the Dogs, which immediately precedes it every year at Sydenham.

There were six hundred pussies assembled last week at the Palace, who came from all nations, and were of all shapes, sizes, and colours; and Mr. Louis Wain, one of the judges, who ought to know, said this year's Show was one of the best he had ever seen, the reason being, he said, that there were more long-haired cats than formerly. "A long-haired cat," he explained, "has more mind and more beauty than a short-haired one."

The close-cropped, military-looking cat, therefore, is no longer to be considered "form" when the long-haired, æsthetic *genus* is around, from which one may suppose that the cat-world is at present passing through a phase like that which was, some fifteen or twenty years ago, suffered by the human species.

Our illustrations show some of the prettiest of the exhibits, including Lady Decies' "Zaida," which has carried off more than five hundred prizes.

Miss May Tyser's "Argent Rex." Winner of Two Firsts

Lady Decies' "Fulmer Zaida." First Prize Chinchillas. Lady Decies has refused an offer of £1,100 for this famous prize-winner

Lady Alexander's "Ballochmyle Perfection," which was successful in the Red Tabby class

Photos by] **Judging the Cats** [*Russell and Sons*

Mr. Louis Wain, the famous draughtsman of cats, is seen at the extreme right. He said that this year's Show was one of the best he had ever seen

The Russian Revolution

STRIKING STREET SCENES IN ST. PETERSBURG

A Potent Cause of Revolution: Wounded reservists soliciting alms outside a church door

These men are half famished on the regulation allowance of 13 copecks (about 3d.) per day. Many of them, in desperation, have turned to crime, while large numbers are under the degrading necessity of soliciting public alms at the church doors

A regiment patrolling the streets of St. Petersburg during the recent riots

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Mr. Alfred Lester

The Palace Theatre is said to have made a discovery in a new comedian, Mr. Alfred Lester, who was seen by a representative of the management with a touring company in a suburban theatre. He was engaged the next day, and was put in the *Palace Review*, in which he played the part of a scene-shifter on the following night. Since then, Mr. George Edwardes has made him an offer; and, in all probability, an arrangement will be come to between Mr. Edwardes and the Palace management, so that Mr. Lester may appear in a musical comedy.

Photo by *G. Joplis*

Mr. Alfred Lester, the new comedian in "The Palace Review"

"D'yer call that h'acting? I wish they'd give *me* a chance"

Lady Mary Hamilton

Lady Mary Hamilton, whose portrait appears as a frontispiece to this issue, came of age yesterday, the 31st ult. She is the only daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton, who was very devoted to her, and left her the large fortune which makes her one of the richest heiresses of the century. She is fond of sport, and has hunted regularly since she was a child, while she recently took over the Mastership of the Hamilton Harriers. The whole of the beautiful and picturesque Island of Arran, which is twenty miles long, where festivities are taking place all this week, belongs to Lady Mary, as well as an estate in Suffolk, called Easton, where there is stabling for fifty horses. She is much beloved by the Islanders for her kindness; as a child, she used to receive a pig each year as one of her birthday presents, and when, after carefully feeding it day by day, the pig grew large enough to be killed, she was in the habit of giving the money it brought to a poor family in the island. Lady Mary is a grand-daughter of the Duchess of Devonshire, and she and her mother, Mary, Duchess of Hamilton, reside for many months of the year at Brodick Castle, Arran.

Lady Ludlow

Lady Ludlow, who recently acted as hostess for her son, Lord Howard de Walden, at the brilliant party given at Seaford House in honour of the Municipal visitors from Paris, is the possessor of some wonderful jewels, many of which are the gift of her son, who, on the day that he came of age, presented his mother with a whole *parure* of diamonds and emeralds.

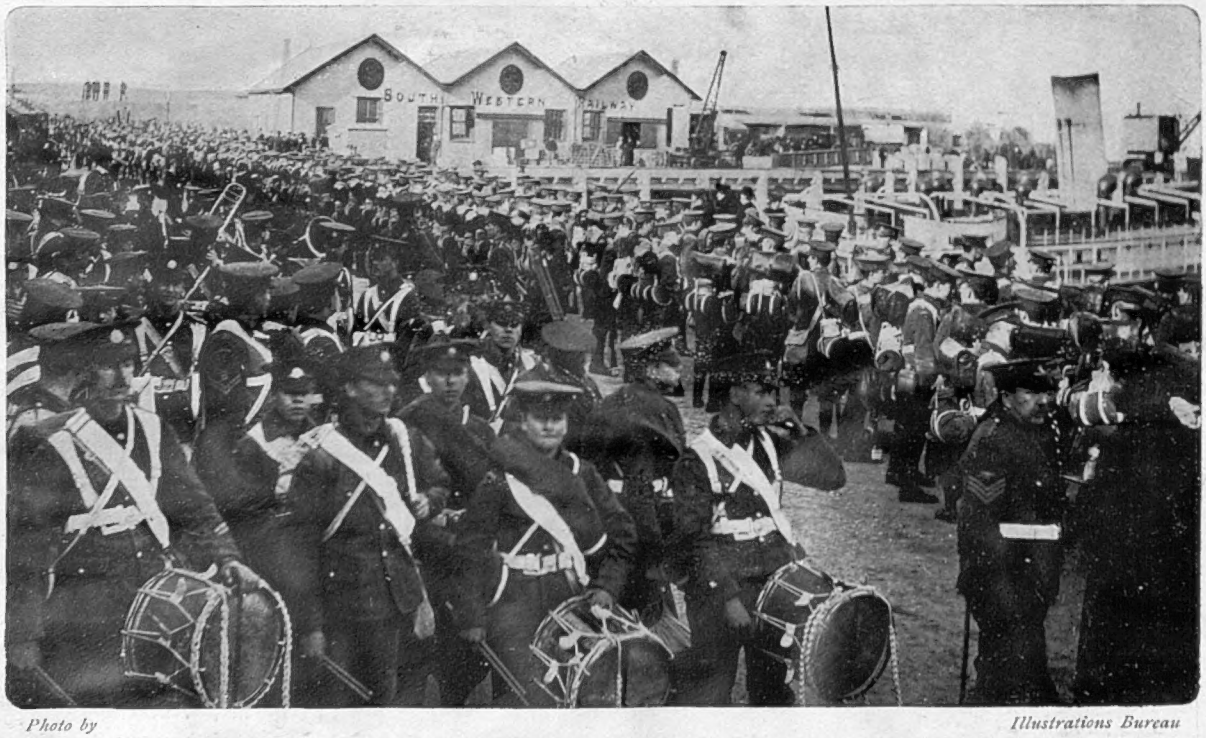


Photo by *Illustrations Bureau*

Return of Troops to Jersey after an absence of thirteen months: Arrival of the East Surrey Regiment at Victoria Pier, October 24

No one pretends that a garrison is needed in the Channel Islands, but popular sentiment, particularly on the Island, was outraged by the withdrawal of the troops. The War Office were sarcastically recommended to practise economy in other directions. It was pointed out that the hardy little Islanders had rendered service to England some two hundred years ago. The lucky East Surrey were most cordially received upon their arrival at their new station

Peeresses and their Jewels

Lady Ludlow has had an eventful career; born Miss Blanche Holden, she married, when very young, the late Lord Howard de Walden, who was thirty years her senior. In 1903, as her second husband, she married Lord Ludlow, another wealthy nobleman; the wedding created much interest, and she was given away by her son, who has always been devotedly attached to his mother. It was Lady Ludlow who brought the now much-prized peridot into fashion, and this gem, set in diamonds, formed the pendant which glistened at her neck on her bridal day.

Lady Ludlow
Who is the possessor of some lovely jewels

Lord and Lady Lytton

Lord Lytton, who will preside at the annual dinner of the Sir Walter Scott Club, in Edinburgh, on Tuesday next (November 7), belongs to a very literary family, being a son of "Owen Meredith" and a grandson of Bulwer Lytton. He has already made his mark in the world of politics, is a clever linguist, and very fond of travel. He is handsome, with a fine, clean-shaven face, and has a pleasant and well-modulated voice. He is looked upon by many as a future Colonial Governor, in which position he would be greatly assisted by his wife, Lady Lytton, who has been described by Mr. Balfour as the "brightest star in London's social firmament." She has an oval, delicately tinted face, and soft brown hair; she affects the artistic style of dress, and, like Lady Granby, is fond of wearing barbaric jewels. Lord and Lady Lytton have a charming town house in Queen Anne's Gate, built before the days of Queen Anne, the gardens at the back having been filched from part of a Royal park.

Photo by **Princess Henry of Battenberg** [*Lafayette*
Who visited York last week for the purpose of unveiling a beautiful statue erected in the Guildhall in memory of Queen Victoria

Mr. F. W. Horner, M.P.

Mr. F. W. Horner, M.P., is at the present moment in the interesting position of having had notoriety thrust upon him by Mr. Labouchere. How many obscure people are there not who would willingly purchase fame at the trifling inconvenience of being advertised in *Truth* for nothing? It is so difficult nowadays to get one's name into the world's mouth. We cannot all write prize novels, or cast aspersions on Sir Henry Irving. However, Mr. Horner is annoyed with *Truth*, and is bringing a libel action against Mr. Labouchere; that is to say, he will bring it if Mr. Labouchere can possibly persuade him so to do. At present, *Truth* is dangling its coat-tails, or the hem of her robe, before Mr. Horner, inviting him to tread on them or it, but Lambeth's Member is not, seemingly, of a "coming-on" disposition. In the meantime, we observe that, at a meeting of the Bishop Ward of the North Lambeth Conservative Association, a vote of no confidence whatever in Mr. Horner was passed, which seems unkind, because the libel action has not yet been tried, and the M.P.'s solicitor has been talking very cheerily about the buckets full of damages which are shortly to be dragged out of the deep well of *Truth*. Not so very long since Mr. Horner used to figure frequently and prominently among that motley assemblage known to the Press as "distinguished first-nighters." His well-groomed figure, alert air, and *pince-nez*, would regularly loom up somewhere in the front rows of the stalls during the *entr'actes*, but, of late, one can only assume that

Captain Claud Rome (IIth Hussars)

Mrs. Rome (nee Miss Grace Blyth)

A PRETTY WEDDING AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, LAST WEEK

Mr. Horner and "Truth"

The Earl of Lytton

The young head of a great family, who is to take the chair at the Sir Walter Scott Club Dinner next week in Edinburgh.

The Countess of Lytton

Who dresses artistically and wears barbaric jewels. Mr. Balfour described her as "the brightest star in London's social firmament."

Dinham

Rear-Admiral Groome, C.V.O.

...ected to relieve Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Poore, ... C.V.O., as Rear-Admiral in the Channel Fleet

Photo b *Thomson*

Mr. Frederick Horner, M.P.

Who has been receiving recently the very special attention of Mr. Labouchere in the pages of *Truth*

The Majesty of the Law

the Continental wanderings, which are described at such great length in our truthful contemporary, have monopolised his time to the exclusion of the drama. Mr. Horner is, or was, editor and proprietor of *The Whitehall Review*, and if *The Whitehall Review* were not a nice, mild-mannered paper, perhaps Mr. Labouchere would be sorry he spoke. There is, though, a very serious aspect of the question, as has been quite gravely pointed out in the articles mentioned. In the last of these appears the following lines:—"The feeling is that for a Member of the House of Commons to go about the Continent systematically plundering hotel-keepers and bankers with bogus cheques is a national scandal, and that, by one means or another, it must be stopped."

Photo by *Illustrations Bureau*

The Ceremonial Opening of the Law Courts

The Lord Chancellor entering the House of Lords after Service in the Abbey

Miss Dorothy Minto

The meaning of the Wild Duck in Ibsen's play is still shrouded in impenetrable gloom. It is symbolical, of course, but of what? Even the most erudite critics are inclined to beg the question But the recent production at the Court Theatre, if it threw no further light upon Ibsen's symbolism, at least has been the means of bringing into prominence the personality of a very capable young actress, Miss Dorothy Minto. She played the child Hedvig with naturalness and charm. Indeed, so unaffected was she in the rôle as to lead the *Referee* critic to remark that she did not suggest the morbid disposition of the juvenile suicide. Miss Minto won golden opinions for her playing of the rôle, and has created an impression which her future performances should do much to deepen.

Prince Ferdinand

The Prince of Bulgaria, whose recent official visit to the French Government in Paris has excited a certain amount of speculation, is one of the most pathetically situated of rulers. Though governing the most important of the Balkan States, which contains the most virile population south of the Danube, he, alone among their Chiefs, remains still a vassal of the Sultan. Though a member of the Coburg

Photo by *Topical*

Three generations of the Granthams

Sir William Grantham, Judge of the High Court; his son, Mr. W. W Grantham; and his little grandson. This photo was taken on October 23, when Mr. Justice Grantham celebrated his seventieth year

A Royal Engine-Driver

family, and thus connected with the great Royal Houses, he is the inferior in rank of King Peter of Servia, the King of Roumania, the King of Greece, and the independent Prince of Montenegro. When visiting a foreign Power, therefore, such as France, he is compelled to travel incognito, or else submit to the indignity of being treated as a vassal of Turkey, to whose Ambassador he must pay his first visit. Ferdinand is a fine figure of a man, who looks splendid in uniform, and anything but a Turkish vassal. One of his favourite methods of varying the monotonous life of his dull and clean little capital, Sofia, is — engine driving! He constantly mounts the engine of the express to Buda-Pesth or Philippopolis, and, it is said, literally runs the train. He once drove the Paris-Calais express, and, on arrival, succeeded in evading recognition by his Minister and aide-de-camp, who were awaiting him. This feat he repeated but a few weeks ago, when he drove the express from Paris to Creuzot. As some of his festive subjects indulge in promiscuous bomb-throwing, the Prince is said to prefer the engine to the *salon de luxe* when travelling in the Balkans.

Photo by *Window and Grove*

Miss Dorothy Minto

Who has made quite a name for herself by her charming performance of Hedvig in *The Wild Duck* at the Court Theatre

The Poet Laureate

There is, perhaps, something rather ungracious about the attacks which are made upon Mr. Alfred Austin every time he discharges doggerel to suit some popular occasion. After all, if Mr. Austin was guilty of "Wardens of the Wave," on the Nelson Centenary, was he not gloriously silent on the question of Kingsway? Was he not magnificently mute about *L'Entente Cordiale*, and when peace was declared, did he not gracefully hold his? Again, has Mr. Austin really done any serious harm? Seeing that, since Lord Salisbury's jocular appointment of him in 1896, he has blossomed forth *Times* after *Times*, there is very little of his verse which, fortunately, has ever really haunted the public. In fact, with the exception of the "Girls of the Gold Reef City" effusion, we doubt if the average man can really repeat one of Mr. Austin's Laureate lines even inaccurately. Books, again, show us us that Mr. Austin has been constantly producing poems ever since 1861, when he left the briefless bar and "devoted himself to literature." For thirty-five years, therefore, the public lived and thrived without Mr. Austin, though Mr. Austin was amongst us, taking notes, and printing them. After all, perhaps it is not too high a price to pay for the exemption we so long enjoyed if we have, now and again, to endure his effusions. And not all of us, even with the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and the Bond Street Book Club to attract us, read *The Times*, in which Mr. Austin's verse appears.

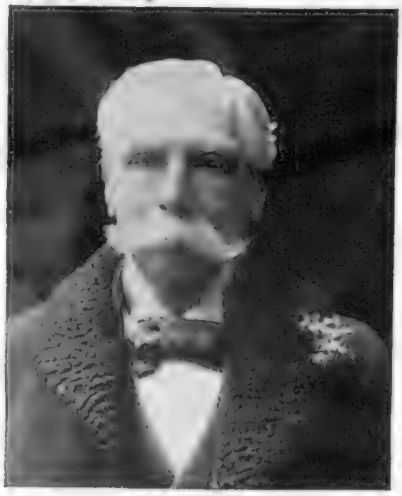
Photo by *Uhlenhuth*

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria

A Monarch whose principal hobby it is to drive an engine. The Prince recently drove the engine from Paris to Creuzot

Photo by **Sir E. A. Cornwall** *[Moyse*

Chairman of the L.C.C., and knighted by the King



Mr. Alfred Austin

Whose latest poem, on Nelson, entitled, "The Wardens of the Wave," recently appeared in *The Times*

The "Jersey Lily" in the States

Photo by *Lafayette*

Mrs. Langtry, who is about to start for America on a long theatrical tour

Mrs. Langtry is about to start for America on a long theatrical tour, and she is always wonderfully successful on the American stage, where she has many admirers. During her last visit to the States, many presents were showered upon her, but a unique one that arrived was a poor crippled old pony. "I know you love horses," wrote its owner, "I am too poor to keep this, and too fond to risk selling

A Progressive Chinese Envoy

it to one who may prove a cruel master. Will you keep it for me?"

Mrs. Langtry has taken an interest in sport almost from the time she was able to walk. At the age of eleven she became joint-owner of a racehorse named "Flirt," unknown, of course, to her father, the Dean of Jersey, and she won thirty pounds in the first race her owners started her in. Her subsequent connection with the turf is well-known, "Mr. Jersey" ranking high among owners.

Mrs. Langtry seems to possess the elixir of youth, and has retained her good looks and graceful figure marvellously. She attributes her youthful appearance to taking a cold bath every morning, doing physical exercises regularly, and always sleeping with her bedroom window open.

Photo by Bullingham

Mr. E. T. Salvesen, K.C.

New Judge in Scotland, who has just taken the title of Lord Salvesen

Lord Salvesen

Mr. Edward Theodore Salvesen, who was added to the Scottish Bench the other day, with the "style and title" of Lord Salvesen, is quite young for a Judge, being only forty-eight. He has Scandinavian blood in his veins, his father having been Christian Salvesen, a prosperous shipowner of Leith. He is an excellent commercial lawyer, and has thoroughly earned his promotion, quite apart from his political services. A faithful son of Auld Reekie, educated at her collegiate school, and then at her University, he was called to the Scottish Bar twenty-five years ago, and took "silk" in the year the Boer War broke out. In the interval he married Isabelle, daughter of Lord Trayner, who recently retired from the Scottish Bench after twenty years' service. The old Judge had the pleasure of seeing his son-in-law formally received in the Parliament House, after he had undergone those curious probationary trials which are supposed to demonstrate that each new Senator of the College of Justice is fit for his office. Mr. Salvesen, in the move-up which followed Mr. Graham Murray's appointment to be Lord Justice-General, was appointed Solicitor-General for Scotland. His term of office as Solicitor-General for Scotland is probably the shortest on record, having lasted only a few months.

Photos by

His Excellency Chang, the Chinese Minister

Who is about to return to China

Lafayette

Miss Chang, daughter of the Chinese Minister

Who, being a man of progressive ideas, exempts her from the national, but cruel fashion of binding the feet

The German Crown Prince at "Bad Kreuth"

The Crown Prince's Hunting Party: The first photograph of the Royal Couple since their marriage

A Milliner Princess

The death of Princess Peter Bonaparte puts many distinguished people in mourning, and her loss will be felt over a large section of French Society. The mother of the Royal *savant*, Prince Roland, and of the charming Marquise de Villeneuve, the aged Princess lived with her son and chaperoned his young daughter, who, owing to her mother having been one of the Monte Carlo Blancs, is the richest heiress in France. Princess Peter was of comparatively humble birth, but she was respected by Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie, if only for the devotion shown by her to her husband when he raised much popular hatred against him by killing a journalist in a duel.

The late Princess Peter Napoleon Bonaparte

This photograph was taken in her boudoir this year at her villa at Nice by her grand-daughter, Princess Marie

The Saxon Royal Divorce

Photo by *Mayer*

The Ex-Queen of Saxony

Who was divorced by her husband owing to an affair with a Belgian—one Giron—and is now living quietly in Florence

After the Franco-Prussian War, the Princess and children lived for a while in London, where she started a milliner's shop, which, however, had no financial success. After Prince Roland's marriage to Mlle. Marie Blanc, the family fortunes brightened, and Princess Peter ended her life surrounded with every comfort.

Photo by *Mayer*

The King of Saxony

Who divorced his wife, Princess Louise, but is otherwise kind and well-meaning

The King of Saxony

The King of Saxony is a thorough sportsman, is fond of good living, but is rough in manners, and has few intellectual tastes. He is deeply attached to those he loves, and is very fond of his children; his intentions are good, and his kindliness of heart is evinced in the unfailing interest he has taken in his erring wife. No one can forget the tragic and romantic story of Princess Louise, whose name, two years ago, was on every lip. Accompanied by her brother, the Archduke Leopold, she fled from the Royal Palace at Dresden to Switzerland to join her lover, a Belgian tutor, named Giron. She quickly repented of this hasty action, and has since pleaded hard for forgiveness and for even one glimpse of her children, of whom she is passionately fond, but so far in vain. A few months later a daughter was born, and though the King of Saxony divorced his wife, he has acknowledged the child, Little Anna Monica, to be his. The Princess, now known as the Countess of Montignoso, lived in the Isle of Wight for some time with her child after her rupture with Giron, but she now leads a quiet life incognito at a pretty villa in Florence, with a lady-in-waiting, Countess Tugger, one of the best-known ladies at the Austrian Court.

Dresden: The Capital of Saxony, the most beautiful city in Germany. View of the old town

A Derelict Gamblers' Row

Almost touching finger-tips with the most aristocratic section of a large city, there still stands in the United States what was once the most notorious gambling quarters in the world. Occupying nearly half a square on an outlying residence-thoroughfare of Lawrenceburg, Indiana, are three picturesque old houses known nearly to everyone in South-eastern Indiana as Gamblers' Row. They were built in 1838-39 by John and Wesley Hickman and Robert Brashier, professional gamblers, and within their walls was once conducted the most notorious of the gambling establishments then in operation along the Ohio River between Cincinnati and Louisville. For more than a decade, Gamblers' Row was a popular resort for the sporting fraternity of the Ohio Valley. It was fitted out luxuriously, and numbered among its patrons men in the most exalted walks of life. Over its gaming tables, where play was unlimited save by the resources of the players, thousands upon thousands of dollars are said to have changed hands. Its early history teems with romantic and tragic incidents growing out of the blasted lives of luckless gamesters, who, within its alluring precincts, have staked and lost both fortune and honour on the cast of a die or the turn of a card. John and Wesley Hickman, who were brothers, were born in Ohio, near the Great Miami River, two miles north-east of Lawrenceburg. While still in their teens they began to frequent the gambling dives of Cincinnati and Lawrenceburg, where, under expert tutelage they developed a skill at cards which in after years became a source of wonderment and terror to their professional contemporaries. The Hickmans have long since died, and to-day Gamblers' Row is gray and crumbling from neglect and the tragedy of decay.

Wesley Hickman

Co-founder of Gamblers' Row with his brother John. After a successful career as an adventurer, and a card player who smote terror into the hearts of competitors, he died in affluence at Chicago

View of Gamblers' Row

The club premises as they are preserved to-day in Lawrenceburg, Indiana. They were built in 1838-39 by the Hickman Brothers, and were the scene of romantic and tragic gambling incidents

WHERE MILLIONS HAVE BEEN LOST

A Vine in Decline

THE VINTAGE AT MONTREUX, WHICH HAS FALLEN ON EVIL DAYS

Montreux grape carriers at work

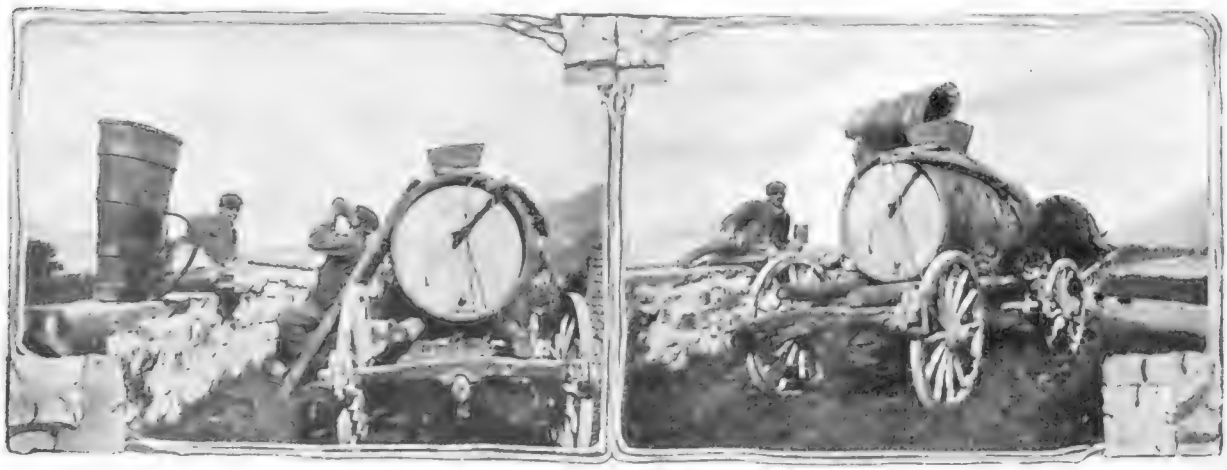
The fruit is gathered up by all who can be pressed into the service, and is carried on the men's shoulders to an oblong tub resting on a cart, in which the grapes receive their first crushing

Some twenty years ago a good vintage in Montreux spelt to the vine-owner a return of seven or eight per cent.; to-day, he must perforce rest dissatisfied with two and three per cent. Several causes have brought about this change. Diseases, formerly unknown, necessitate an increase of labour on the vines, and ground that one man once could tend requires now ten men to work it satisfactorily. The rate of wages, too, has risen, and prices have fallen before the steady increase in imported foreign wines. Small wonder, then, that vintage time no longer presents the holiday appearance of former days; not that, indeed, in any year

. . . . the must did foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls.

A more practical, if less picturesque, method did, and still obtains in Montreux than the one described by Macaulay. The grapes, gathered by all who can be pressed into the service—and the schools have holidays for the vintage—are thrown into a wooden oblong tub, called a *brante*. In this they receive their first crushing by means of a wooden instrument shaped like a ramrod. The *brante*, with its contents, is then carried on a man's shoulders and emptied into a cask placed on a cart, which has been drawn up by the side of the road nearest the vineyard. When the cask is full, the cart, drawn by horses or oxen, is driven to the *pressoir*, or wine-press, where the juice is extracted.

Even to-day, the vintage at Montreux is not without a charm of its own, derived, perhaps, from traditional observances, which find expression at more or less rare intervals at Vevey in the *Fête des Vignerons*. Still, owing to the poor return on capital, vines in this district tend to give way to fruit trees, and, where practicable, to streets and houses. Indeed, much of the newer part of Montreux is built on land formerly occupied by vines; and the ample stretch of vineyard, reaching from the lake shore to the chestnut trees above, once so familiar to visitors, is gradually becoming a thing of the past.



Pictures of the "brantes" or fruit tubs

When the casks are full, they are driven by horses or oxen to the wine-press, where the juice is extracted. The left-hand picture shows one favourite method of extracting it

The Threatened Rhine Falls

The Falls near Schaffhausen

An electricity station, the largest on the Continent, 30-40,000 h.-p., is to be erected near here to utilise the waterfalls for power purposes. If carried out, this will greatly detract from their beauty

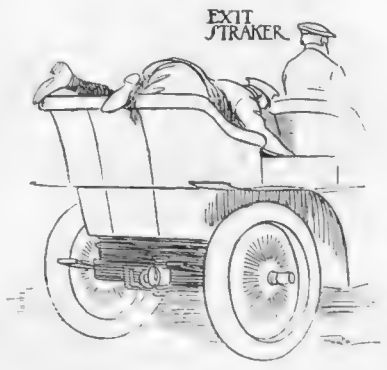
The Falls at Laufenburg

The right side is Germany, the left Switzerland. The bridge here shown is threatened with destruction to make way for the works

THE PLAYHOUSES

"MAN AND SUPERMAN" AT THE COURT THEATRE

Mr. Punch's advice to those about to marry has had its day. "Don't" was too cryptic ever really to suffice a generation which demands an explanation of all things. "Don't" has been superseded by *Man and Superman*. Those who are hovering on the brink of matrimony should pay a visit to the Court Theatre. There they will find the relations between man and woman have been adjusted in most startling fashion. Man is mere man, and woman is superman. In other words, woman is the hunter and man is fair game.



Man the Pursued

This perversion (or is it the truth?) makes most exhilarating dramatic material. Ann Whitefield is a bad but stupid woman; John Tanner, a brilliant but good man. Tanner meets his match in Ann, and in this mirth-provoking play, there is exhibited to us his struggles to release himself from the coils of this creature whom he frankly calls a boa-constrictor. The simile is a good one. He is fascinated. He realises her evil nature. Although gifted out of the ordinary with the power of expressing himself, he cannot fitly put into speech the depths and breadths of her badness. No words of his can stem the torrent of her "life force." As much as we ever longed for the sound of wedding bells to put the climax to a sweet domestic comedy do we long for any catastrophe to kill off this female octopus (Tanner omitted to call her this) and save the pursued man from the doom of matrimony. Mr. Shaw, in the classification of his plays, has made good use of the words "pleasant" and "unpleasant." *Man and Superman* is broadly streaked with both. Perhaps because there is a good dose of it at the end of the play, the unpleasant element very nearly overpowers the pleasant. If the play ended with Ann's faint from sensuousness at the thought of becoming Tanner's wife, the audience might take no shame to themselves for a feeling of mental nausea.

Laughter and Relief

Fortunately, the feeling is swept away by a gust of laughter. Tanner indulges in a brilliant tirade upon his miserable position as a prospective bridegroom, and Ann, with shining eyes, says, "That's right, dear, go on talking, talking!" In her triumph, she is generous enough to indulge him in his pet weakness. This tag is the cream of comedy. It is the righting of the ship which exorcises the demon of sea-sickness from the possessed passenger—an inspired curtain, indeed, as are the curtains of all three acts, particularly the first. In detailing this situation we are in far more pleasant waters. The dramatist, anxious to point a moral from the inevitable swiftness with which people

draw the worst conclusions about their fellows, introduces into Ramsden's household Violet Robinson, who has made a secret marriage. The thought of the wedding-ring never crosses the minds of her friends.

A Supposed Prodigal

Her brother bows his head in shame; Ramsden's sister calls metaphorically for the house to be cleansed; Ramsden struggles to show Tanner that he is not so hide-bound in his ideas as that worthy would make out. And Tanner! Here is a chance for the free exercise of his great breadth of view. He holds forth upon the nobility of Violet's conduct, and chuckles when suspicion lightly points to him as the author of her undoing. As for Ann, she astonishes everyone by her generous bearing towards the fallen one. Enter the supposed delinquent, and turns the tables upon her dear friends, so as to bury them well-nigh. Collapse of all, and humorous explosion of Tanner, as Violet rends him for the detestable views which have inspired his advocacy. Attention is drawn to the fact that Ann is the only one who has been kindly disposed to Violet. "Ah," says Violet, "Ann knew!" This delicious curtain is like a flashlight upon Ann's character.

There are other pleasant features of the play, notably 'Enry Straker, the chauffeur, a "new man," as lovable as the "new woman" was odious. His supreme contempt of a gentleman who sounds his aspirates, his belief that the Board School and the Polytechnic will turn out the future rulers of England, and finally his passages of arms with Tanner, make up the most amusing moments of the play. The acting at the Court Theatre has become a tradition, although the present management is still in its infancy. "G. B. S." is an actor-maker, and figuratively hurls opportunities at the players. Mr. Granville Barker works ably under the presentment of John Tanner. At times the exuberance of his comedy drowns the undernote of satire and seriousness which the character demands. Mr. Barker misses some of the half tones.

Miss Lillah McCarthy plays Ann Whitefield very cleverly, though her touch is at times rather uncertain. In the temptation scenes she creates the impression of having a lark with Tanner. The "life force" is not sufficiently emphasised. Mr. Edmund Gwenn's Straker is as perfect a bit of characterisation as it can be. A single touch added or taken away would mar the effect.

Theatrical Manager and the Press

Mr. Bourchier fitly presided, last week, at a meeting of the London Shakespeare League, when the subject up for discussion was "The Best Method of Presenting Shakespeare's Plays." In his peroration, the President tackled a controversial subject. Referring to the charm and illusion of the stage which should be preserved, he remarked: "In these days, when the ready and eager halfpenny paragraphist is on the step of every stage door, it is as difficult for the managerial eye to keep guard over the secrets of his craft as it must be for the newspaper proprietor to preserve the ancient weight and dignity of the editorial 'we.'" Oh! la, la! as they say on the Boulevards, there is much to be said upon the other side. It is a fact that before every important production we are treated to columns of forewords. We are told at what pains the manager has been to gather round him the stupendous cast which he has the pleasure of announcing; the extraordinary care expended upon the slightest detail which will help to give local colour and *vraisemblance* to the scenes. Again, when the acting-manager or the leading lady essays a new rôle, we learn the minutest details of his or her "conception." These leading articles and interviews and paragraphs make very interesting reading, and I am not going to suggest for a moment that Editors are not willing to send their representatives to obtain the information. But it is rather steep to suggest that the favour is all on one side. The halfpenny paragraphist may be on the stage doorstep, but the manager or actor is there to meet him. It would be quite easy for managers to preserve the arcana of the theatre if they chose so to do. But, like wise men, they realise the advantages of publicity, and are generally willing to meet the Press half way.

E. C. S.

SCENES FROM

"The Perfect Lover"

AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE

Jo Tremblett (*Mr. Lewis Waller*) **to his brother William** (*Mr. Norman McKinnel*)

"I frequently blame myself, Willie, for not having thrashed you more often when we were boys"

Lilian (*Miss Evelyn Millard*) **to Jo Tremblett**

(Handing the letter she has written to Cardew): "Post it, Jo; post it"

Photos by

Miss Lesson (*Miss Henrietta Watson*) **to Lord Cardew** (*Mr. Frank Mills*)

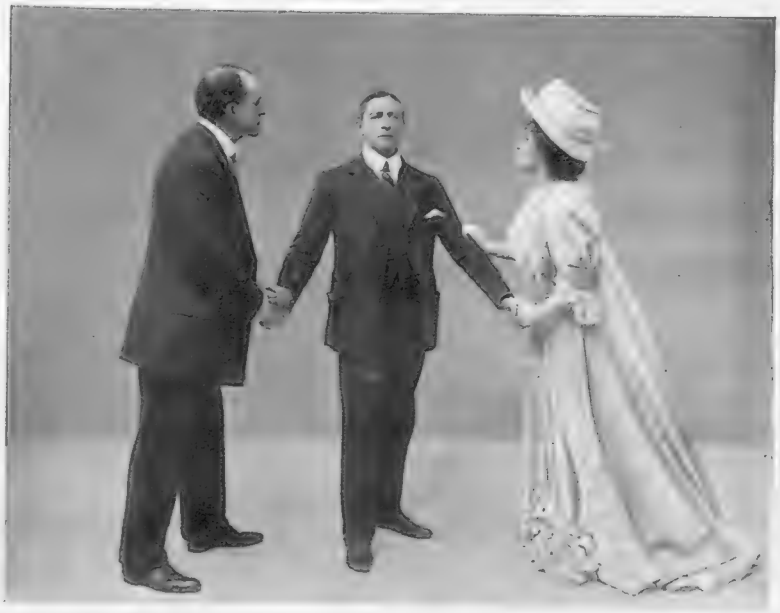
"I'm not straight-laced or conventional. You know that. But it can't be"

Dover Street Studios

Cardew (the Perfect Lover) to Lilian

"And I've been waiting—waiting these many years"

A Study in Ethics



The Story of the Play

Ethics figure largely, and successfully, in *The Perfect Lover* at the Imperial Theatre. We have Jo Tremblett, an assistant editor on £300 a year, accepting a bribe of £5,000 from his rich brother William, for carrying out a transaction much against his principle. He consents for the sake of his wife and daughter, but finally receives their blessing after tearing up the contract which would have made him a rich man. Then, again, we have Lord Cardew, the Perfect Lover, and Lilian, the Perfectly Beloved one. Lilian is William's wife. Her husband treats her badly, and the only joy in her life is an occasional glimpse of Cardew at "At Homes." Jo's transaction with his brother brings about a meeting between Lilian and Cardew. The latter, having waited for five years, persuades his beloved to flee to Canada with him under the protection of his sister and her godmother, the Hon. Susan Lesson. Jo comes in too late to prevent their determination, and when they appeal to him to remember how much they have suffered, he allows them to depart. This is the great scene of a thoroughly interesting play.

(1)

LILIAN: "Jo, I'll do what you tell me, but be merciful"

CARDEW: "Yes, be merciful, Jo"

Jo (*consenting to their departure*): "God forgive me if I do wrong"

(2)

Jo: "He was an honest man, our father, wasn't he? He didn't care about money"

(3)

Jo: "I couldn't do it, Mary. It wouldn't have been honest"

The Viaduct, East Heath

Built as an approach to a mansion that was never commenced. A new meaning is given to Leigh Hunt's description of Hampstead by applying it to the scenes enacted on East Heath on a Bank Holiday. The merry-makers certainly "revel in varieties," of a very different sort to the peaceful joys which fill the observer who contemplates the past history of Hampstead

SWE
HAMPS

"A VILLAGE · REVELIN

Church Row, and St. John's Church, rebuilt in 1745

The churchyard contain the graves of Constable and George Du Maurier. Many celebrated names are attached to the Row, and among the more modern, Wilkie Collins and Miss Harraden

The Firs pstead
view
be h

Erskine House

The residence of the famous Lord Erskine (Lord Chancellor) from 1788 to 1822

EET
STEAD

LING·IN·VARIETIES"
ONT)

The old "Bull and Bush" Inn

"Come, come, come and make eyes at me down at the old 'Bull and Bush'!"
Song of the moment

It is pleasant to recall the historical and literary association of the famous inn if only as an antidote to the sentiments contained in the above stanza. The large upper room and pretty garden were the rendezvous of many celebrities in the time of the Hampstead hills. Hogarth, Addison, Gainsborough, Garrick, Foote, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Cibber, and Laurence Sterne, were among its visitors

Judge's Walk, Hampstead

The Courts of Justice were moved to a spot close to this avenue during the great plague. A place much loved, for its solitude and view, by Pope, Coleridge, and Keats

pstead Heath

view of three
y be had

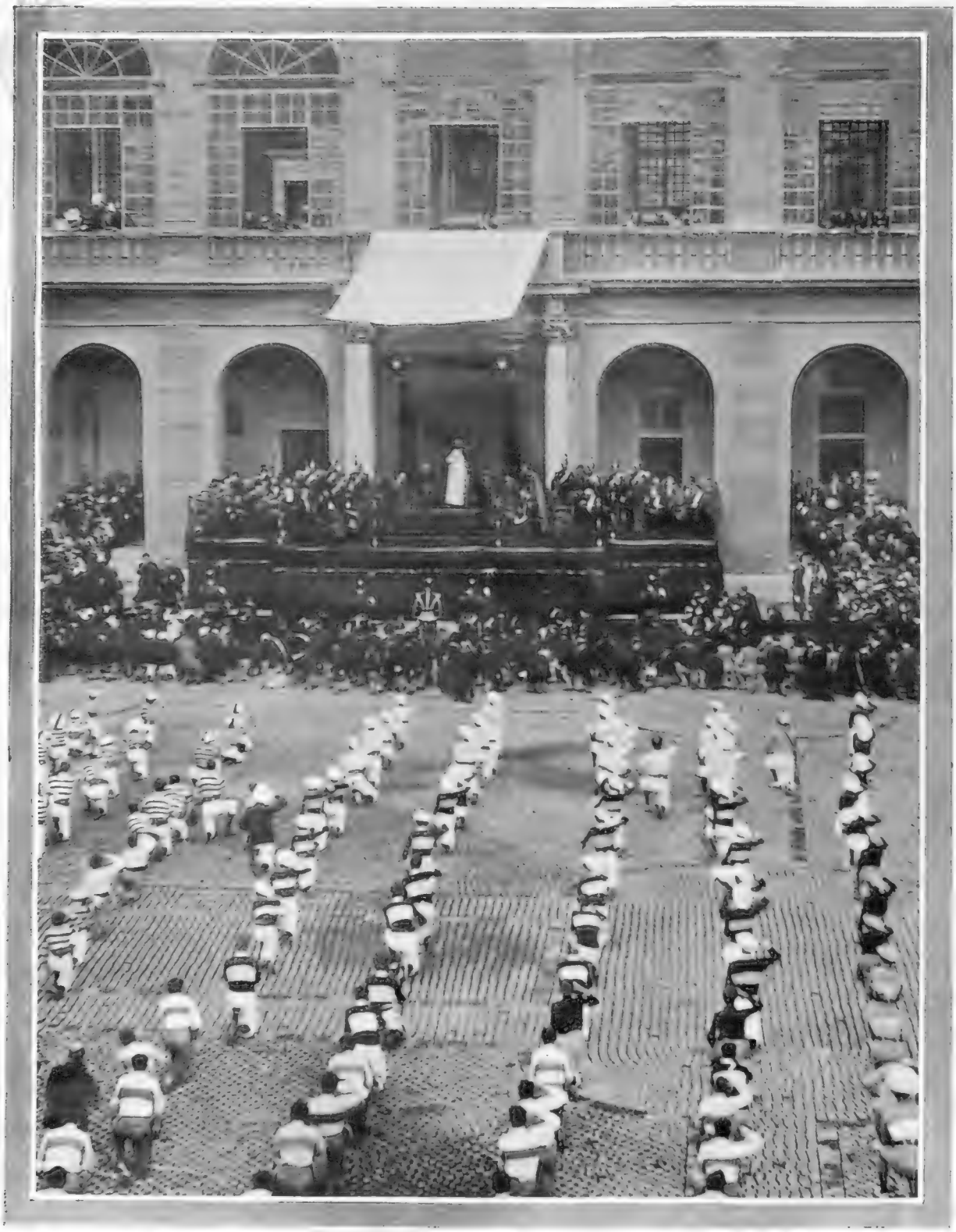
Well Walk, Hampstead

The site of the once famous Wells and Assembly Rooms. The fountain on the left is all that now remains of its former glories

TOM·R·RIGBY: 05

Sports at the Vatican

UNDER THE PRESIDENCY OF POPE PIUS X.



The gymnasts of the Catholic Societies receiving the Pope's blessing

An unprecedented scene was witnessed in the Vatican recently, when His Holiness the Pope presided over a gigantic athletic meeting of the Catholic Societies. After the proceedings, the Pope gave his blessing to the athletes, and distributed the prizes personally. He showed special interest in cycle racing. "I wish," he remarked, "that there had been bicycles when I was a boy, for I had to walk barefooted seven miles every day to go to school, and the weather was often inclement"

OUR SHORT STORY

Up at the Schatze Alp

By C'NIC

Flutterby told me this; he had, as you will see, no earthly right to have known anything about it, but he must be forgiven for the sake of what he did afterwards. It will be sufficient introduction to state that his sobriquet was considered to be the masculine equivalent of Butterfly, and that it was not given without cause. His real name is of no consequence.

Of course, all Davos knew about the letter, for it went the round of the hotels, and was at last returned to whatever the Swiss call their Dead Letter Office. It bore the local postmark, and was addressed to:

R. (?) WHITE, Esq.,
Hôtel Alexandra,
Davos Platz.

As no "White" was staying at the "Alexandra" that season, it was sent to the "Bella Vista," and there given to old Ray-White, who read it and passed it on to his son, who handed it to Captain Whyte in the smoking-room, with the remark that his lady friend evidently hadn't heard he'd been promoted. He then explained the joke to the company. Captain Whyte told young Bertie he ought to be kicked, but disclaimed the letter, which ran thus:—

I saw you to-day opposite the Kurverin (the writer stated, without any conventional beginning). But I think you did not see me. Didn't you want to, I wonder, or would you like to renew our old acquaintance?

Men are so fickle, though—perhaps you have forgotten even my name! Well, I will not remind you of it by signing this, for, unless you remember as I do, I could not bear to meet you again; but, if you still think of those old days, meet me to-morrow evening at the old place.

The writing was so ordinary that it seemed as if all flourishes, thick strokes, and ornamental capitals and such-like marks of individuality, had been purposely omitted, lest they should betray the writer's identity. There was no address, only the date—December 28th.

It was next given to Bim White, of the "Brittanique," but his reputation as an extremely quiet, sober fellow gave credence to his denial; and the letter was passed on to a common little man on the next floor. By the evening of that same day it had reached the Dishma Post, and Dr. White was being unmercifully ragged in consequence of his embarrassment on being confronted with such a missive. He was the sort of elderly young man who would have been a dowdy prude if he had been a woman; and the disrespectful youth of the hotel found an unhallowed joy in the opportunity to taunt "old Jane" with a petticoat "past." Of course, no one really believed the letter was meant for him. The matter was discussed that evening in smoking-room and *salon*, and the general conclusion was that either there was a mistake in the name, or that the letter was meant for some White who was not "out" that winter. But Flutterby, who was sleeping badly just then, pondered the matter in the night season, and evolved another theory.

"Captain Whyte disclaimed the letter"

First, the woman had said plainly, "I saw you to-day." Secondly, though her ignorance of the right initial was easily accounted for by the prevalence of nicknames in Davos (he remembered that he himself could not have given a Christian name to either Bim or Jane), it was almost impossible that she should not know the surname. His conviction was, that one of the men that had disowned the letter had lied. They had all been in Davos before, but Bim, Jane, and the little bounder, he dismissed as unlikely characters for a fond adventure. There was no earthly reason why old Ray-White should have given up the letter if it had been meant for him, nor was it likely that Bertie would publish his own *billet-doux*. On the other hand, if Captain Whyte had claimed it in the smoking-room, he would have never heard the end of it. Moreover, his back history would have been raked

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

over, and as he had fluttered round numerous candles by no means under a bushel, sundry ladies who had *not* sent the letter would have been involved in the scandal, even if the real woman's name were not disclosed.

So, next day, when everyone else forgot the affair in the excitement of the bob races, Flutterby bore in mind that it was the "to-morrow" when "R. (?) White, Esq." was to meet the nameless lady. He had a reprehensibly intimate knowledge of the possibilities of Davos as the background for a flirtation, and instantly concluded that "the old place" was inevitably the Schatze Alp.

Now the Schatze Alp is fundamentally a common or Swiss Alp, but the word may be used to express divers meanings. "At the Schatze Alp" implies staying at the Sanatorium. It is understood that going "up" and "down" the Schatze Alp means ascending by the Funicular Railway and descending by the toboggan, unless walking is specially mentioned. But "meet me up at the Schatze Alp" means at the restaurant adjoining the little terminus, just at the head of the toboggan run, and within a stone's throw of the Sanatorium, which clings to the mountain side eight hundred feet above Davos. It suggests a rendezvous between two people, whose acquaintance has developed into something more sentimental than the usual frank *camaraderie* allowed at Davos. So, since he was suffering from the "lungers'" usual complaint, nothing to do and any amount of time to do it in, Flutterby diverted himself while "curing" on his balcony by looking out for Captain Whyte on his way to the Schatze Alp Station.

Soon after four, when the sun slid behind the Tinsenhorn and evening began, Flutterby leaned over his balcony railings and looked down on the road, for he reckoned that his man would go up by the 4.30 train. He watched the "little bounder" go by, saw old Ray-White pass, and caught sight of Jane slouching down the Platz. Then he scanned the skating rinks and the curling rink, where Bim was dancing about with a broom, and vaguely wondered why every other White but the one he wanted should turn up at this particular time. He rather plumed himself on his powers of deduction, and was so piqued by finding them at fault that he determined to run along to the station and see for himself if Whyte did leave by the 4.30. He arrived exactly as the little train was gliding out of the station, but he had just time to glance into each compartment. Captain Whyte was not there, but old Ray-White, the Bounder, and Jane were!

Flutterby whistled, thought hard, then a swift conjecture darted across his brain, and his shoulders shook with silent laughter. "Seen anything of Captain Whyte?" he called out to a girl on a toboggan who had evidently just come down.

"Yes," was the reply, "I passed him walking up the toboggan run. He must be nearly at top by now."

Flutterby began to think that it might be worth his while to indulge in a franc trip up the Schatze Alp. A few minutes later he received a new assurance that his ticket-money would not be wasted, for Bertie Ray-White walked in, and swore abruptly when he found that he had missed the train.

"Where's your toboggan?" asked Flutterby, artlessly.

Bertie kicked an unoffending automatic machine.

"I haven't brought it," he confessed, ingenuously. "I say—er—Flutterby, you won't breathe a word?"

"Not a syllable."

"Er—you know that letter?"

"Well?"

"Well, I thought afterwards—fool that I am—that there *was* a girl who might have written it; I used to meet her up at the restaurant, so—er——"

"I see," said Flutterby. And he did.

They travelled up together, and I fear that Flutterby gave Bertie to understand that he was going to see a friend at the Sanatorium. Otherwise, it was a silent journey, for Bertie was absorbed in his own thoughts, and Flutterby did not stimulate the conversation with any mention of the three passengers by the 4.30.

Once arrived, Bertie hurried into the restaurant, and thence out on to the wide balcony which overhangs the mountain on two sides of the châlet. Flutterby was hard on his heels, and through the window he saw four men look up nervously as Bertie's footsteps sounded on the bare boards. He said it was quite a pity that the expressions on the faces of Bertie and his father were thrown away on three men so entirely preoccupied and embarrassed as their namesakes. I fancy they had been uneasy and suspicious ever since Captain Whyte had appeared on the scene, but now the full significance of the situation positively obtruded itself on their notice.

Hence onward, I have had to supply a few patches to Flutterby's somewhat disjointed narrative, for common decency forbade him to absolutely listen, but from his post inside the restaurant he could see everything and hear a good deal.

Captain Whyte grinned nervously. "I presume, gentlemen, we are all under the impression that we disowned the letter too hastily, and on second thoughts hoped——"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Bertie, "we're all on the same errand," and he burst into a schoolboy roar of laughter.

"I should suggest," remarked his father, with a stately glance at his exuberant offspring, "that some of us might retire."

"Which?" asked Captain Whyte trenchantly.

No one answered his question, but each man's face showed that whoever else went, he meant to stay.

"Gentlemen," said old Ray-White, in his grand manner—"in order to spare the lady's feelings, I think we should withdraw to the further balcony and wait till she appears, then whichever one of us recognises her, can go to meet her, while the rest go back by train."

Everyone agreed to this reasonable and delicate proposal, and they walked together round the corner of the house on to the other balcony. There they waited till the primrose glow faded in the west, and the clear sky deepened from azure to the tenderest wood-violet blue, and the moon, a crystal crescent, laden with white fire, floated above them. The air was dry and exhilarating as champagne, yet cold as loveless kisses, and it sent a subtle chill through them,

which made them feel that they were fools, and their errand ridiculous.

"Suppose," burst out Bertie, "that it's a beastly hoax?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said the soldier, shortly, and the common little man grunted his assent.

"Now you come to think of it," argued the doctor, "no sane woman would have written such an idiotically vague letter."

"That's just the sort of letter they do write," objected old Ray-White, who had had considerable experience. "But I agree with you, sir, it's a hoax, an uncommonly clever hoax, and it's the first time I've ever known a practical joker not to overreach himself by being too smart. I'd give five pounds to know who did it."

His son, who was doing a shuffling dance, suddenly stopped and cried, "I say! Where's Bim? I know the letter went to him. Is he the only fellow that never met a lady here, or is he at the bottom of it?"

The absence of Bim struck the five as being most suspicious. Flutterby had grasped the fact some time ago, and suspected that quiet gentleman of being, at least, "in the know" of a practical joke.

"Well, gentlemen," said Captain Whyte, "I think we had better go quietly back and say nothing of our adventure. A hoax that fails makes the joker feel the biggest fool I know."

"Well, he deserves something," said the little bounder. "I'd just have liked to have met my little girl again."

"She was rippingly pretty," murmured young Ray-White, with dreamy enthusiasm.

". . . . A charming woman, grossly misunderstood by a clod of a husband, must interest any man with a spark of chivalry in him," said his father warmly. Somehow, he gave one the idea that he had made this remark to his wife on a former occasion, and that it had not been well received.

"Pretty girls are disgustingly alike," soliloquised the Captain. "Now, a sympathetic woman, who has lived, and thought, and suffered, understands a fellow."

"For a student," admitted Jane, "who has lived among books and—er—sober people, there is a piquant fascination about an actress which . . ."

"'She let me take her away . . . and I comforted her. Brute!'"

They were all speaking, more or less, at once, and not listening to each other in the least, as they strolled back to the other balcony. Then, when they had just turned the corner of the house again, each man stopped abruptly, stared, and held his breath, for a woman was approaching hurriedly along the hard snow track, apparently making for the restaurant. They could see that she was small and slight, even though her figure was concealed by the sleeveless fur cloak she was wearing, but her face and hair were covered with a filmy gauze veil, so that, although the moonlight shone on her, it was impossible to distinguish her features. It was so still that they could hear the snow creaking and squeaking under her feet, till she stooped and peered down the mountain side, then behind her, with her hand on the handle of the door which opened from the path to the balcony, and gazed out at the far mountain tops, white as Christ's garments at the Transfiguration. Then, as she opened the glass door and passed through, Captain Whyte turned away, partly from delicacy, partly from disappointment, for the woman who had understood him, had been able to look into his eyes with scarcely a lift of the head, and he was a tall man. But this woman, who was not Her, took no heed of the others, as with eager faces and outstretched hands, half doubting, half sure, they pressed forward to greet her. She went up to the soldier and touched him on the arm, and said with trembling gladness.

"So you've come!"

The other four stared with intense interest, but as spectators only, for none of them knew her voice. The officer faced round, and the woman pushed back her veil and gazed hungrily at him, while they all looked at her. For a moment they saw a girl's face, rosy, and radiantly young, with sparkling eyes and smile-parted lips—but, when the glow died out, they saw she was a frail-looking woman of thirty, whose willow green eyes were weary and grey shadowed, and whose thin mouth drooped pitifully.

She looked and looked into the Captain's face, as though she hoped that, if she looked long enough, she would see what she sought for, then she gave a little low, hurt cry, and hid her face in her hands. The sound filled every fibre of chivalry that was in Flutterby, and he came forward to the open window involuntarily, as if his nearness might shield her. No one quite understood what had happened, but they felt that the screaming farce had become a tragedy.

At last the woman looked up.

"Who are you?" she demanded helplessly. "Why are you here? What have you to do with me?"

Old White made his most courtly bow.

"Madam," he said, "we all bear the name of White, and the letter . . . your letter . . . came to each of us in turn. It was not signed, and we all hoped to meet here a lady—er . . ."

But the woman cared nothing for that.

"Are you the only Whites in Davos?" she asked sharply. "I thought—I thought there was another. I don't know his name They call him Bim I think he's at the 'Alexandra'"

"He's at the 'Britanique,'" blurted Bertie.

Then they all looked at the Captain, and noticed for the first time that he was of the same height and build as the man who was not there.

Bim White was indeed at the bottom of it.

"Did *he* get the letter?"

No one dared speak, no one dared lie, but there was no need, the woman knew. She gave a dragging, heartbroken little laugh.

"You care still," she said, "and there is no one to meet you. He doesn't care . . . and I am here. That's Life!"

Then she turned on them fiercely.

"Promise," she cried, "promise that he shall never know." Then broken and shamed, she would have hurried away, but Flutterby stepped out of the French window.

"'By jove!'" exclaimed Bertie, "'we're all on the same errand,'" and he burst into a schoolboy roar of laughter

"And what happened?" I asked.

"I don't exactly know," said Flutterby. "I think I glared at them first—Brutes! Standing watching her: I could have killed them for being there!"

"Well?"

"Oh, then I tried to make her understand what I felt—that we were just cakes of mud—and that I was sorry—oh, hang it all, *you* know."

"Did you *say* it?"

"No. I looked at her."

"And?"

"She let me take her away—and I slammed the door on them, and told 'em to go to the devil—and I—I comforted her. *Brute!*"

C'NIC

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

—*Sir John Suckling*

DRAWN BY BALLIOL SALMON

Hunting

ILLUSTRATED PARTLY BY COMPETITION PHOTOGRAPHS

(For full details of our Hunt Photograph Competition, see Cover)

The Real Thing Begins

This week the keen fox-hunter discards the mufti that has done service during cub-hunting, and blossoms out in the full glory of scarlet. Irish fox-hunting has already got well under way, but opening meets are now being held in all other parts of the kingdom where the sound of the huntsman's horn is heard. The Quorn Hounds, in accordance with their time-honoured custom, will not appear at Kirby Gate until the 6th inst., this being the first Monday in November. Captain Frank Forester will find the field more of a handful than he has been accustomed to manage during cubbing—large as have been the musters during the closing fortnight of the preliminary work—but the new M.F.H. is not likely to forego the old practice of drawing Gartree Hill cover in full view of the assembled populace. Many packs are opening the regular season with a meet at the kennels. Others have lawn meets at the residence of some leading member of the Hunt. In either case, the scene is delightful on a fine November morning, and nobody has depicted its charms more graphically than Whyte Melville:

> Hunters are fretting, and hacks in a lather.
> Sportsmen arriving from left and from right,
> Bridle-roads bringing them, see how they gather!
> Dotting the meadows in scarlet and white.

The New Forest Deerhounds: A consultation

These hounds have had a very successful fat buck hunting season, and prospects for the future are bright

(*Photo sent by* CHAS. J. HANKINSON, *Alumhurst Road, Bournemouth West. Prize, 5s.*)

Nowadays, the hunting poet would have to introduce an element little thought of by Whyte Melville. Reference is made, of course, to the motor-car, which, in combination with the "Hunt train special," is speedily ousting the covert hack as a convenient and quick means of reaching the meet. The presence of petrol at the meets seems to strike rather a discordant note, but times have changed, and customs with them, and much as some hunting people object to motors where horses and hounds should hold undisputed sway, they have evidently come to stay as covert hacks.

With the Harriers

The hare-hunting season is now fairly launched, and the incident depicted in our illustration is typical of many now occurring daily all over the country. Harriers are stronger in number this season than ever before, those packs which have dropped out of the list since last week being more than compensated for by the new establishments. The Hadlow Harriers, which are seen killing their hare amid surroundings so characteristic of the "Garden of England," are a subscription pack of fifteen couples of 19-inch in stud-book hounds hunting the Tonbridge district in Kent. This country was formerly covered by the Foxbush Harriers, whose disbandment by Mr. C. W. M. Kemp, not long since, caused so much regret in this part of Kent. A good draft from the Foxbush kennels formed the nucleus of the Hadlow pack, which are followed on foot, and have Mr. J. P. S. Hervey for their M.H.

New Forest Deerhounds

In a recent issue, I had occasion to refer to the increasing popularity of hunting in the New Forest. Visitors to Lyndhurst and Brockenhurst—where, by the way, excellent accommodation is provided for hunting people at the chief hotels—can choose between the deerhounds, which meet on Mondays and Fridays, and the fox-hounds which go out on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, or, if so minded, they can hunt with both packs. With each, one can enjoy hunting which has a peculiar charm of its own, and it is not surprising that in the spring sportsmen come from all parts of the kingdom to spend a few weeks under most pleasing novel, and health-giving conditions. The deerhounds are kennelled at New Park, Brockenhurst, where the Master, Mr. O. T. Price, resides, and this season they have a new huntsman in Will Roberts. Fat buck hunting began on August 7, and hounds had some very hard days. Assisted by a tolerably good scent they killed more than an average number of bucks, the young entry doing particularly well.

A Famous Pack

The Fitzwilliam has been well-styled one of the oldest and greatest of England's hunts. Its reputation stood high a century ago, when the heads of the house of Fitzwilliam succeeded each other regularly in the Mastership, and the fame of the

With the Hadlow Harriers

Competition Photo: "The Kill"

An incident of a day's sport with the Hadlow Harriers in the "Garden of England"

(*Photo by* W. Abrey, *Tonbridge. Prize,* £1 1s.)

pack has gone on steadily increasing during the reign of the present Master, Mr. George C. W. Fitzwilliam, who had the satisfaction of winning great honours at the Peterborough Show this year. One of Mrs. Fitzwilliam's charming photographs shows the hounds in Milton Park, Peterborough, where the ancient oaks, the heronry, and the ivy-clad kennels contribute to the picturesqueness of the estate. The old huntsman's house still stands where old Tom Sebright died, and where George Carter resided, the last-named being with the Fitzwilliam Hounds for forty-one years, first as whipper-in, and then as huntsman. The hounds have been extraordinarily busy all through the cubbing season, for the Fitzwilliam country, with its great chains of woodlands, is more plentifully stocked with foxes than, possibly, any other hunting country in the kingdom. So well off is Mr. G. Fitzwilliam in this respect, that he can invite Mr. Fernie and other neighbouring Masters to hustle the foxes in certain parts of his country. On several occasions last season, too, he invited the Marquis of Exeter to hunt foxes with his harriers in the large woods on the Burghley and Milton properties. This year, Mr. Fitzwilliam began cubbing operations on August 12, and some idea of the abundance of foxes will be obtained, when I state that, up to the time of writing, about sixty brace have been accounted for. Neither the Duke of Beaufort nor Lord Fitzhardinge, even in their well-stocked countries, can point to a better record than this. The Fitzwilliam young entry comprises nine couples of dog-hounds and ten couples of bitches, mostly possessed of that drive, nose, and tongue, for which the pack has been celebrated since the days of George Carter.

"The Pride of Dublin"

Next to a good day with the Meath or Kildare, the hunting visitor to Dublin will find a gallop with the Ward Union Staghounds the best of good fun. They have some stout-running deer, the hounds are first-class, and the hard rider will discover that the line they often cover would be a credit to High Leicestershire. "The Pride of Dublin" the Wards are sometimes called, and there was a very big crowd to greet them at the opening meet at the Ward on October 21, when the accompanying photograph was taken. Previously, Mr. Percy Maynard, who has been Master since 1895, had a few bye-days in order to give his hounds some fast work, and they were in grand fettle for the "season proper." James Brindley handled his pack as skilfully as ever, and, seeing him following them so keenly over the grass, one found it difficult to believe that he has celebrated his silver jubilee as huntsman. The interesting occasion has been suitably marked by a testimonial from the followers of the pack. The Master and huntsman of the Wards—and those who hunt with them as well—have been glad to get news of their noted Dunsany hind, which was left at large at the end of last season. For over five months nothing could be learnt of the deer or her whereabouts, but suddenly she has returned to her usual winter quarters in Dunsany Woods, and, when recently disturbed by the fox-hounds, was looking in condition that augured well for the chances of many a good gallop with her this season.

A. W. C.

Photo by] **The Ward Union Staghounds** [*Debenham*

A popular pack, sometimes called the "Pride of Dublin," which started their season on October 21

With the Fitzwilliam Hunt

A visit to the hounds

"How we spend part of Sunday afternoon at Milton"

How we go "cubbing" with the Fitzwilliam Hunt at Milton

"We have only two Shetland ponies, so with six children stopping here this is how we manage"

(*Photo. by* Mrs. Fitzwilliam, *Milton, Peterborough, awarded 5s. each in our Hunt Photograph Competition. For details see Cover*)

The Library

"Mary Stuart," *by Florence A. Maccunn* (Methuen and Co.: 10*s.* 6*d.* net)

The strongest proof—if proof were wanted—of the bitterness which has characterised every attempt hitherto on the part of a historian setting forth to write a life of Mary Stuart, has been the inability of any one of them to pen a story which is free from the stain of bias. It has taken, in fact, over three hundred years before the passions of this supreme historical controversy have been able to die down; and it is to the pen of a woman that we have to turn to obtain the most temperate and well-balanced account of the life of the ill-fated Princess who, for some thirty years held Europe by the ears, and who, had she only played her cards properly, would, undoubtedly, have altered the entire course of history, so far, at least, as these isles are concerned.

An Unbiassed Chronicle

We offer our hearty congratulations to Miss Florence A. Maccunn for the latest addition to the voluminous library of Mary Stuart booklore, although she has brought no new facts into the discussion. Her sympathy with her subject has not made havoc with her reasoning, nor, while recognising Mary's occasional lapses from the strict paths of virtue, has she taken an exaggerated view of them.

It is impossible, nor is it desirable, in a short review, to attempt to follow Mary's career. Suffice it to say that the two features of supreme interest in her life, the murder of Darnley and the *liaison* with Bothwell, are both dealt with very fully by Miss Maccunn. In neither case is Mary exculpated. At the best, we can say "Not proven," but the evidence points to the fact that Mary turned her blind eye to the plot brewing against her husband, even if she were not fully acquainted with the details. As regards Bothwell, Miss Maccunn, and we think wisely, makes no attempt to deny that Mary was for a short time consumed with a wild, unreasoning passion for him. As for the famous Casket letters, some, no doubt, were genuine, but, on the other hand, as the silver casket was in the possession of the most infamous politician even in those unscrupulous times—the Earl of Morton—their testimony is largely discounted.

The Darnley Murder

But even if Mary did connive at the murder of Darnley, she had good and sufficient reasons of State for preferring his room to his company. She realised that her husband's misconduct was paralysing the power of the Throne; divorce was out of the question, as it might have affected the rights of her infant son; while in those days it was no uncommon matter to remove individuals who menaced the Throne or the State. The history of every country teems with such examples. But it has been argued in Mary's case that its horror lies in the cold-blooded and remorseless manner in which she saw her husband a victim in the hands of his enemies, that she assisted their plans by disarming his fears with her hypocritical demonstrations of affection. One must judge by the times, and in Mary's day a life had not the same value in people's eyes that it has now. Darnley was, moreover, a contemptible cur, who was false to his wife and false to every friend. That phase in his character descended with fatal results until it finally ruined the race of Stuarts. Darnley richly deserved his fate, and if his wife could not divorce him, we shrink from saying that, according to the ethics of that day, Mary Stuart was in any whit worse than her contemporaries in conniving at his death.

As for Elizabeth's part in the tragedy of Mary's life, it is sufficient to remark that the mean jealousy which led that vain and much over-estimated monarch to take Mary's life swept away at once Mary's past indiscretions.

Every student of Mary's time should read this book, as a woman's instinct has enabled the author to clear up many hitherto obscure points.

A bird's-eye view of Edinburgh in Mary's time

From "Mary Stuart" (*by permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.*)

A Little-Known Relic of Mary Stuart

Arcades of the Chapel of Mary Queen of Scots at Roscoff, Brittany

Nearly two hundred years after the landing of Mary Queen of Scots at Roscoff, Prince Charles Edward landed on the same spot (October 10, 1746), a fugitive from Culloden, and knelt before the Chapel of St. Ninian to return thanks for having escaped from the English cruisers

Photos by *H. Vivian*

The Chapel of Mary Queen of Scots at Roscoff, Brittany

The Chapel of St. Ninian, now in a crumbling state, and utilised only to display advertisements, was built upon the spot where Mary Stuart, when a baby, was landed to rest a little before proceeding to Morlaix

The Library

BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Mary Stuart." By Florence A. Maccunn. (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"English Hours." By Henry James. (Heinemann: 10*s.* net.)

NEW FICTION

"The Last Chance." By Rolf Boldrewood. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"The Brown Eyes of Mary." By Madame Albanesi. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Dorothy Raeburn." By Reginald Turner. (Greening: 6*s.*)

"The Ferryman." By Helen Mathers. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Barbara Revell." By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Heinemann: 6*s.*)

"Display." By R. E. S. Spender. (John Lane: 6*s.*)

A new novel by Mr. Henry James naturally appeals to a wide circle, for there is a "James" cult, even as there is an "Omar" and a "Shaw" cult, yet, we venture to think that "English Hours"(Heinemann: 10*s.* net), Mr. James's new book, will appeal to a still wider circle, and will interest even that section of the public collectively known as "the general reader." The reason for this is not far to seek. "English Hours" is a series of literary snapshots made some thirty years ago, before Mr. James had extensively cultivated the long, intricate sentence and the involved psychological thought. Everything in the present volume is bright and crisp, and there is a dash of animal spirits that hurries the reader along and keeps him from ever becoming introspective. Mr. James, like every other good American, must have his jest at our little island, as, when speaking of the Isle of Wight, he calls England "that less diminutive island." Still, there is such a ring of enthusiastic admiration everywhere that one easily forgives. It would be hard indeed not to forgive a man who "is always more or less thrilled, of a summer afternoon, by the journey on a penny steamer to Greenwich." On the whole, Mr. James spent his "English hours," and sometimes only half-hours, very delightfully. We cannot forbear quoting his racy description of the flat country around Newmarket, where "the country is like a board of green cloth."

Mme. E. Maria Albanesi

Nature (he goes on to say) offers her gentle bosom as a gaming-table; card tables, billiard tables, are but a humble imitation of Newmarket Heath. It was odd to think that amid so much of the appearance of the humility of real virtue, there is more profane betting than anywhere else in the world. The large, neat English meadows roll away to a humid-looking sky, the young partridges jump about in the hedges, and Nature looks not in the least as if she were offering you odds. The gentlemen look it, though, the gentlemen whom you meet on the roads and in the railway carriage; they have that marked air—it pervades a man from the cut of his whisker to the shape of his boot-toe—as of the sublimated stable. . . . The very breeze has an equine snort, if it doesn't breathe as hard as a rubber; the blue and white of the sky, dappled and spotty, recalls the figure of the necktie of "spring meetings"; and the landscape is coloured as a sporting print is coloured—with the same gloss, the same that seems to say a thousand grooms have rubbed it down.

The book is illustrated with ninety-two typographical views by Mr. Joseph Pennell, and forms a delightful companion to the same author's "Little Tour in France," published in the same series. G. F. J.

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

"Rolf Boldrewood"

Somehow I had got it into my head that the popular Australian novelist, Mr. T. A. Browne, who writes under the *nom de plume* of "Rolf Boldrewood," had, for the most imperative of all reasons, laid down his pen a year or two ago. But among a batch of new novels which I have been reading is one from this veteran author, who, I find, is now in his eightieth year. "The Last Chance" (Macmillan: 6*s.*), as his latest story is entitled—not ominously, I hope—is an extremely pleasant tale, cast on the conventional lines of finding a fortune in Australia and coming home to the Old Country to make the most of it in the rational, but Philistine fashion of which Society approves. Although "The Last Chance" may not be a very eminent example of the novelist's art, it is lightened by a cheery optimism which must surely be reflected from the long and happy life of its author. Not many novelists, on the eve of eighty, have written so pleasantly or so well. Rolf Boldrewood was sixty-two years of age when his first and most famous novel, "Robbery Under Arms," appeared. Although born in London, he has been in Australia since his boyhood; after some years of pioneering, he became Police Magistrate and Warden of the Goldfields, from which position he retired ten years ago, with well-nigh fifty years of service to his credit.

"The Brown Eyes of Mary"

There is undoubtedly a great deal in the title of a book, and I feel sure that anyone could guess what is coming, after noting so charming a title as "The Brown Eyes of Mary," which Mme. Albanesi has chosen for her latest novel (Methuen: 6*s.*). It has a lyrical charm about it, like the refrain of an old song, and the reader will not be disappointed in looking for an engaging love story. There is nothing at all remarkably original in Mme. Albanesi's novel, for although Mary's brown eyes create commotion in more than one breast, she works not half the havoc of her whose exploits the same author celebrated some years ago in "The Blunder of an Innocent," and the end is

entirely happy. The real merit of the book is the sympathetic understanding of human nature which its writer consistently displays, and it is to be recommended as an entirely wholesome and agreeable piece of fiction.

Mr. Reginald Turner

Among the younger publishing firms who have specialised very successfully in fiction are Messrs. Greening and Co. They have, during the last few years, introduced a number of writers hitherto unknown, whose work is now attracting no little attention. One of these is Mr. Reginald Turner, a novelist with a pronounced ability in the difficult art of character delineation. One of his best books was "Peace on Earth," published this year by Messrs. Alston Rivers, in which he gave us a singularly graphic and uncommon view of life in Paris But in his latest book, "Dorothy Raeburn" (Greening: 6*s.*), he takes us chiefly among the familiar scenes and surroundings of English county society. There is hardly anything about the two books to suggest the same hand in authorship, the one abounding in characters of the "crank" order and the other in types we all readily recognise. But, like its forerunner, "Dorothy Raeburn" is a well knit and entertaining story.

"Helen Mathers" (Mrs. Henry Reeves)

Whose reputation has been established for thirty years, and whose novel, "The Ferryman," has just been published

A Strong Novel

Readers of fiction who look to Miss Helen Mathers for a bright, vigorous tale, with a strong love interest and a breath of that open-air life she has always loved—she was great at hunting, running, and cricket in her young days!—have a surprise in store for them in her latest novel, "The Ferryman" (Methuen: 6*s.*). This is a quite unconventional novel, introducing a piece of curious modern symbolism; for the ferryman is Death. The idea of the story is altogether bizarre: a millionaire who determines to apply his wealth to the establishment of a system of "merciful murder," whereby humanity may be brought into harmony with that kind but cruel law of nature which provides for the elimination of the unfit in the lower orders of animal life. "I say that those who die cursing God, should curse man—too timid, too selfish to help them out of their agonies." Thus the extraordinary Tom Shippon, and I can promise you that you will find no lack of interest in the story of how Paul Vravanel fulfils the strange trust which he is induced to accept from Shippon under the strangest of circumstances. "The Ferryman" is unlike any other book by Miss Mathers; perhaps the theme may have been suggested to her as the wife of a well-known physician, for her husband, Mr. H. A. Reeves, is the author of a standard work on "Human Morphology." It is certainly at the other pole from "Coming Thro' the Rye," with which, well-nigh thirty years ago, she made her first hit People who wished to be pleasant and were none too well-read, used to congratulate her on her "charming song."

Mr. Reginald Turner

One of the most successful of latter-day novelists, first brought to light by Messrs. Greening. His latest work is "Dorothy Raeburn"

Two New Novels

In *Barbara Revell* (Heinemann: 6*s.*), Mrs. Belloc Lowndes sets many of her sister novelists a praiseworthy example. She has collected together a group of men and women, some of whom are not entirely without sin, but instead of filling her pages, as so many do, with recounting their frailties, she has arranged that all the wrong-doing has been done years before even the "Prologue," which itself is fifteen years before the story. This makes the actual narrative, therefore, one of curious innocence. We meet a great many people. One of them, for instance, *once* cheated at cards; another was *once* a Foreign Secretary; another *once* married, but didn't altogether divorce, a bad Corsican, and —in the "Prologue"—travelled in France with a man of no relationship to her at all. All these things, however, I hasten to repeat, happened before the story. As we know them, Mrs. Lowndes's characters are absolutely correct, and we meet them, mostly, at a Scottish Priory. While there, they conceive, more or less, "platonic" attachments for each other. One of them, James Berwick, conceives such an attachment for Barbara Revell, but political and financial considerations prevent his marriage with her. And Barbara? Ah, that is just the point. Barbara is a young lady who lives in a perpetual parenthesis. Mrs. Lowndes, throughout the story, introduces her fitfully, as a sort of afterthought. "And Barbara?" in fact, forms the first sentence of a great many paragraphs in the book. She is none the less interesting, however, if somewhat secondary in importance. The chief thing to record is that Mrs. Lowndes weaves a highly fascinating little web, and treats phases of feeling, *nuances* of passion, with the masterly touch that many other novelists give to incident.

In *Display* (John Lane: 6*s.*), Mr. R. E. S. Spender takes us to Africa. A party of London ladies and gentlemen are sent out by the proprietor of the *World's News*—a hustling, halfpenny organ—to discover "the original Utopia of Sir Thomas More." Lest it be supposed that Mr. Spender here follows in the well-trodden footsteps—now beaten into a hard turnpike—of Rider Haggard, Merriman, Wells, Anthony Hope, and others, and gives us thrilling improbabilities, or wild fantasies, let it be at once said that he does not. His explorers are a somewhat garrulous group, whose chief achievements are in the field of discussion. In their preparations for the trip, on the voyage to the Cape, and on the journey across the veldt to "Utopia," they converse, brightly and pointedly, but at great length, on politics, religion, art, literature, and other things. Ultimately, they discover "Utopia," to be repulsed, however, by its indignant and exclusive inhabitants. There is some stirring incident at this phase of the book, but never so serious as to interrupt the flow of conversation, which begins early and remains late.

V. C.

Golf Notes and Notions

The Competition Curse

Pot-hunting has been the bane of many a fine game, and it bids fair to become a veritable curse to golf. A glance at the morning paper on any Monday will reveal a formidable list of returns from an endless number of clubs recording the names of the winners of the monthly medals, while the card of fixtures of even the leading clubs is veritably burdened with the titles of the ever-increasing number of competitions held under their auspices. It is time someone lifted up his voice to protest against this horrible tendency to pot-hunting in our noble game. Time was when the game was, so to speak, still in its infancy in the South, and when the authorities of the various clubs may have conceived it necessary to throw out some bait to attract the golfing sprats, and when a variety of prizes might be considered necessary as a lure to attract the golfing recruit. But the game is so firmly established now in the affections of its adherents, and is so fascinating and excellent in itself, that the time has surely come when the pruning-knife might well be applied to the super-abundant stock of competitions which threaten to overwhelm and submerge the best and truest characteristics of golf.

Mr. Fincklestein (*who has ordered a black coffee*): "What's der use of dot cup to me, yer fool! Can't yer thee my *nothe!*"

An Attempt to Stop It

I have been led to utter my protest by seeing in the "agenda" of the business meeting of a great club a motion by a member having for its object the reduction in the number of the competitions held by that club. I rejoice that this motion has been made, and I trust that it will be successful. Such an example might very well have a beneficial effect in inducing other clubs to follow suit. For there is no doubt in my mind that the enormous amount of competitions going on all over the country in nearly every golf club, most of them scoring competitions, must have a prejudicial effect on the game. These ever-recurring competitions must tend to make members think more of their scores than of their matches. The proper scope of a club is to bring men together into a social brotherhood, who shall enjoy the game of golf by making matches with one another. Instead of this, we find, at most clubs, a constant series of potty prizes being competed for with the eternal and cursed card and pencil in the hands of members, who in the end concentrate their minds on winning the monthly candlestick or the bogey cigarette-case to the exclusion of those matches in which they should be measuring their skill in a friendly manner for the ordinary ball or half-crown against that of some friend of theirs of similar standing to themselves in the art of the game.

A Pleasant Exception

One of the few clubs that I know which began and continued on a sound basis in this matter of competitions is Prince's Golf Club at Mitcham. That club has one competition in the year, and has found that solitary prize sufficient for the needs of its members, who find all the pleasure and delight they want in friendly matches with each other. But the excellent example set by the Prince's Golf Club at its inception, some thirteen years ago, has not found many imitators among the clubs which have been founded since. More is the pity, for I do really and truly believe that this plethora of bogey and monthly prizes is having a very injurious effect on the game. Year by year we are drifting further away from the ideal of the game which the earlier Scottish players ever held steadily in view, the ideal of making the game an occasion for social relaxation and pleasure, and not for everlastingly strenuous competitions. Those old players were quite content with a spring and autumn competition in which to make their strenuous endeavours, and passed the rest of the time in the keen and enjoyable rivalry of friendly matches

The Hated Pot-Hunter

In this way, too, they were able much better than we, in these days, to promote that social intercourse on the links between the different classes of the community which, in Scotland, whether at golf or curling, has done more than anything else to bring and keep together peer and peasant in the friendliest relations. All this is, however, fast disappearing under the avalanche of competitions, which amateurs and professionals alike delight, apparently, in encouraging, and which is, every day, separating them more and more into two distinct and opposed camps. I shall have more to say next week on this last and most disquieting feature of the game to-day, but for the moment I will conclude by begging all true lovers of golf in every part of the country to do what they can to abate this ever-increasing nuisance of competitions, which threatens to turn our beloved game into a mere happy hunting-ground for the hated pot-hunter.

Ernest Lehmann.

A New Chapel at Hurstpierpoint College

TO the school buildings of Hurstpierpoint College, Hassocks, has lately been added a beautiful new Gothic Chapel, which has taken more than forty years to complete.

It was dedicated by the Provost of Lancing on the 17th ult., and is considered one of the finest examples of modern Gothic in the county, the reredos alone being worth a visit by those interested in architecture.

The College was founded in 1848 by Canon Woodard, as the first of a series of public schools in which greater stress should be laid on definite Church teaching than was at that time common in English public schools. All the schools which he founded are distinguished by the magnificence of their buildings, and, as will be seen from the illustrations, the Chapel at Hurstpierpoint is no exception to the rule.

The College stands on the first ridge of the Sussex Weald facing the South Downs, about nine miles due north of Brighton, and from its front quadrangle a splendid view is obtained of the whole range from Lewes to Arundel. Its first headmaster was the Rev. E. C. Lowe, D.D., now Canon of Ely; its second, the Right Rev. C. Awdrey, D.D., now Bishop of South Tokyo; the third, the Rev. C. E. Cooper, M.A.; and at present it is in charge of the Rev. A. H. Coombes, lately an assistant master at Clifton College. While it carries on, with the greatest success, all the ordinary work of a public school, there are one or two things for which it is peculiarly distinguished. A play of Shakespeare, produced year by year uninterruptedly since 1853, is a perfect revelation to those who have never seen to what heights boy-actors can rise. It also numbers amongst its traditions a school magazine, which is nearing its five-hundredth issue.

The newly completed West end of the Chapel, dedicated on October 17 last

The East end of the Chapel, dedicated on October 17, 1865

Sport of the Week-end

By H. S. SCRIVENER

The O.M.T.'s

The Taylors have about as good a set of forwards as ever, and that is saying a good deal; they work hard and are quick to take advantage of any slackness or blundering on the other side. Behind the scrum they are undoubtedly stronger this year, and, with Raphael playing regularly for them, the parable about the little leaven which leaveneth the whole lump is finding an illustration. Barrett's ability to play half-back, as well as three-quarter, came in handy, for, after gaining a try from the latter position in the first half, he took Buck's place in the second. Dellschaft, however, was taken out of the scrum to fill the three-quarter gap, and I can't help wondering whether it wouldn't have been better policy to play the rest of the game short of a three-quarter rather than of a forward—though I shall never forget that one of these "emergency" three-quarters once won the 'Varsity match for Oxford, and to the best of my recollection it was C. E. L. Hammond. I noticed, by the way, that Cockell and Harding (not A. F.), who have both appeared often in the O.M.T. first team, were playing on Saturday for the "A" team against Hammersmith on the adjoining ground—which shows that the Taylors have been able, like a well-conducted limited company, to put something substantial to reserve. I thought that Wyatt, in the first team on Saturday, was very good; but, all the same, Buck and Cockell, as a pair, used to take some beating, and when there were any tries knocking about near the line Cockell had a way of getting them.

The Oxford Rugby Team

As yet, the Oxford Rugby team are a long way below ordinary 'Varsity form. I doubt whether they would have beaten the Old Merchant Taylors on Saturday if Buck had not been disabled in the second half. Their forwards struck me as being a decidedly light pack, and, although they work hard enough, they do not appear to possess anything exceptional in the way of speed or cleverness to make up for their lightness; while among the backs there was little, if any, of that combined passing *at full speed* which distinguishes a first-rate from a second-rate team. Munro was easily the best of them, and his work, both in attack and defence, was always sound. Besides gaining one try entirely "on his own," he led up to another by a fine punt right across the ground, and if his passes were not as productive as usual, this was not his fault. Wood was the best of the three-quarters, and the run which he made after intercepting one of Raphael's passes, and finished up with an accurate pass to Batchelor (who scored), was one of the neatest things of the day. Roe also did well in the running line, but his proneness to hesitate about passing, and then to pass wildly when collared, is a source of great danger to his side. I think the three-quarter line would

Civil Service v. Old Blues at Richmond: A struggle to keep the ball in touch

Civil Service proved the victors by 20 points to nil

have been stronger if either Lyle or Yeoman, or both, had been able to play, though it still seems doubtful whether half or three-quarter is the better place for Lyle. Davies, the full-back, was uneven; he did some good things and made some bad blunders, and a try to the Taylors by Bourns, who was always well on the ball, was the direct outcome of one of them. A reliable goal-kicker seems to be badly wanted.

Some Other Matches

If Oxford are weak at present, Cambridge are, apparently, weaker still. I have not seen them yet, but the dusting they got from the Old Leysians on Saturday (3 goals and 4 tries to nil) almost speaks for itself. However, these be early days yet, and there is still plenty of time, as well as room, for improvement. The feature of the Blackheath and Scottish match was the playing of Rogers by the former as a winger, New Zealand fashion, and the fact that the seven in the scrum were able to hold their own against the Scottish eight. The defence on both sides was very sound, as is shown by the fact that each side only crossed the other's line once, the balance of points in Blackheath's favour being made up by a dropped goal and a penalty goal. Richmond *v.* Northampton was not an enlivening exhibition, and the Surrey Club, without doing anything great, won comfortably. Alexander, besides gaining a try, was well on the spot with his placing. The only noteworthy feature of the New Zealand *v.* Midlands match was that our visitors actually had their line crossed for the second time of asking.

A Rugby Misnomer

Whenever I read the title "Old Blues" in a fixture list or a match report, I am irresistibly reminded of the ancient tale about the I Zingari man who was one day accosted by a stranger, and asked what right he had to wear the colours of the Upper Tooting Bicycle Club. Everybody who knows anything at all about Sport knows what an Old Blue really is; but the "Old Blues" team are not Old Blues in the accepted sense of the term at all—they are old boys of Christ's Hospital, commonly known as the Bluecoat School, and I think it a pity that they have not tried to find a more distinctive title, and one which does not, no matter how unintentionally, seem to savour of arrogance.

Richmond v. Northampton
Richmond victorious by 16 points to nil

Oxford University v. Old Merchant Taylors at Richmond: A line out
Oxford victorious by 18 points to 13

On the Fringe of First Class

However, apart from their title, there is not much the matter with the "Old Blues" In the circle in which they move, so to speak, they are pretty well up with the leaders. The other day I heard one of their supporters say that they hadn't been beaten for three years; but if the statement was true then (I daresay it was, though I didn't verify it) it is not true now, for they were beaten, and pretty thoroughly too, as far as points go, by the Civil Service on Saturday at Richmond. However, it was by no means a bad game. The Civil Service team is quite a good one, and on Saturday's form it should be encouraged to try and strengthen its fixture list, though this is by no means an easy matter in Rugby Football. There are several teams like the two I have just mentioned, not quite in the front rank, but still of more than average strength, who are sighing, like Alexander (not the goal-kicker — the other one), for fresh worlds to conquer.

Soccer

Both the 'Varsity Soccer teams seem to be a bit above the average, and Oxford did a distinctly good performance in drawing with (and very nearly beating) a strong team of Casuals, after getting "four down" in the first twenty minutes or so. Cambridge, too, beat Clapton, after having much the worst of the game during the first half and part of the second, and after Page, at back, had had the bad luck to turn the ball into his own goal. The Old Westminsters and Old Salopians, who drew on the occasion of their first meeting in the Arthur Dunn Cup, although extra time was played, have now settled their differences, and the old Westminsters are the survivors by a single goal, but another draw occurred in the match between Old Etonians and Old Cranleighans. It is rather a pity, by the way, that the Old Carthusians and Old Malvernians have drawn each other in the first round of this competition, for they are two of the strongest, if not the two strongest, of the teams engaged.

Matters Musical

The Opera

The week ending on Saturday, 21st ult., at the Opera was chiefly concerned with repetitions, and does not call for special comment. The general all-round excellence of the company, and the fine singing of Signora Buonincini and Madame Giachetti, Signor Zenatello and Signor Sammarco, was again specially noticeable. There can be no question of the success of the enterprise. *Madama Butterfly* was quite the chief event of last week, Signora Giachetti playing the name-part, and Signori Zenatello and Sammarco the principal men. It is a long time since so striking a success has been made with a new and unfamiliar opera at Covent Garden. The opera, as a matter of fact, was not a great success on its original production at La Scala in Milan, but it has since undergone no inconsiderable changes and revision, and now, although somewhat lacking in that sense of completeness and cohesion which is so striking a characteristic of *La Bohème*, it stands unquestionably the finest and strongest of Puccini's works. Of the performance, I shall have something to say next week. Several interesting revivals, including Boito's *Mefistofele*, are promised in the course of the season. Madame Melba is at present on a short concert tour, but her return may be expected before long.

Photo by Bulak

Dr. Cummings, who has made an important find of lost music

Dr. Cummings, the Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, has found five long-lost compositions of Haydn, Weber, Sir Henry Bishop, Winters, and Cipriani Potter. He is arranging for a performance of the newly found music

The "Proms"

The Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall came to an end on Friday last, 27th ult. The success of these admirable concerts has been remarkable, and, indeed, to all lovers of good music, it is not to be wondered at. Mr. Wood and his band deserve the highest praise for their splendid playing throughout the season; nor has there been a lack of novelty, and also our native composers have by no means been neglected. A notable achievement was the success of Mr. Hamilton Harty's "Irish Symphony," a work which will undoubtedly be heard again, and largely increase this young composer's reputation. The most striking feature of the season just ended is the remarkable attention of the public to much of the best and most modern music; and there have also been plenty of excellent vocalists and instrumentalists. The programmes for the season of Symphony Concerts at Queen's Hall, to be inaugurated on Saturday, November 4, are now complete, and are, as usual, full of interest. On November 4, Dr. Richard Strauss will conduct a performance of his "Symphonia Domestica." On November 18, Herr Fritz Kreisler will play the Mozart violin concerto, and also that in A minor of Viotti. Signor Busoni plays on December 2, whilst, on January 20, Mlle. Camilla Landi, a singer far too seldom heard in this country, will sing arias from *Prince Igor* and *Le Prisonnier du Caucase*. Other soloists appearing at these concerts include Hugo Becker, the famous 'cellist, and Mme. Teresa Carreño, the pianist. For the last concert, on Saturday, March [illegible] Leeds Choral Union will make its appearance in Dr. Strauss's Ballad "Taillefer," recently produced at the Bristol Festival, and in Beethoven's famous "Choral Symphony."

New Opera at the Coronet

There are rumours of the coming production of a new opera at the Coronet, in which a young soprano, Miss Clair, of whom much is expected, will appear. I understand that the opera deals with the subject of the Knights of the Round Table, and no details may be expected later.

W. E.

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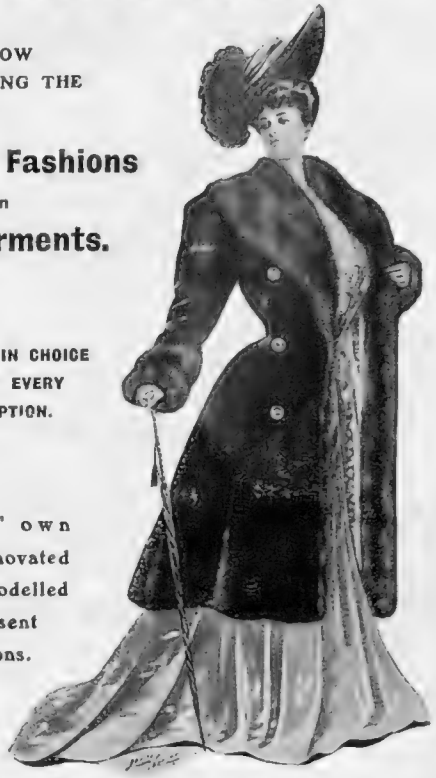

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Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

The cold snap in October, which all the wise heads, or at any rate those wise heads who give themselves over to statistical reflections on atmospheric vagaries, declare is almost unprecedented, has proved most invigorating to trade. Furs have simply romped to the front, and have altogether ceased to be an indulgence, and become, on the other hand, imperative necessities. It is so well to be justified in an extravagance, is it not? and the woman who cannot contrive an attractive appearance with the fur fitments of the hour is indeed past praying for.

The black fox sets are peculiarly becoming; indeed, at the price, those which are, perhaps, first of value being a regal stole and muff, the former, fur throughout, coming out at twelve guineas or thereabouts. Black fox becomes all faces, but is exceptionally happy with a bright colour, and seems, moreover, to crave the balance of a more or less gay hat. Whereas, white fox, beloved of the young girl, is quite charming with a white fur turban toque. And oh! the subtlety of the modern turban! Assumedly the simplest, most ordinary millinery feat, it is really replete with cleverness, and much art is evidenced in the way it is worn, at just a scintillation of an angle, with the hair pinned over the edge of the brim here and there to break the hard line.

Decidedly the smartest fur toque is rather high, and the round at the back just a trifle flattened, which expresses one of the many subtleties alluded to above. But it is only given to the few, after all, to wear the turban, in its glorious simplicity, with the requisite *aplomb*, while soft, fluffy hair is the necessary accompaniment. Surmounting a set coiffure and poised in stiff position, it is a complete and dismal failure.

Fur Coat, sketched at Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road
Of seal musquash, with embroidered white cloth vest

Furs at Shoolbred's

Respecting the fur coatee, few have been happier in selection than the firm at Tottenham House. There may, perhaps, be a certain element of chance in providing an exhaustive choice that just exactly hits the trend of the time, but whether directed by chance or certainty, the solid fact remains, that Shoolbred's show of short fur coats is unequalled anywhere.

The styles are chiefly short sacques and banded boleros, with or without basques, in seal, seal musquash, natural grey squirrel, nutria, dyed squirrel lock, Persian lamb, caracule, etc. The sheared musquash seal models are quite excellent, only an expert detecting these as not being the genuine seal pelt, while the best of styles are gathered to their service, and the best of workmanship equally accorded. Daintily decorative, in the highest degree, is the embroidered white cloth vest introduced in the example illustrated, together with *bretelles* and belt of cloth of suéde, the short spade fronts affording such a graceful appearance to the figure. Worn with a grey, brown, or black face-cloth skirt, made simply, but with the utmost perfection, it would become a costume that few women could desire to improve for smart and useful every-day wear.

A Winter Whim

Every season brings its little freaks and fancies, usually evoked by social requirements. And so it is with the luncheon blouse. Luncheon-parties are now accounted amongst the pleasantest forms of amusement, and there is consequently much rivalry among the elect to provide a triumph in culinary originality, which gives me over to pleasant reflections on a certain white artichoke salad—raw artichoke *bien entendu*—recently enjoyed. The artichoke was shredded, and mingled with some mayonnaise of sorts, and the result was food for the gods. There is a sweet, too, a very smart sweet, moreover, comprising an ice—vanilla for choice—that is served with a hot chocolate sauce, a delicious incongruity that should be annexed with all speed by the hostess who desires to make history with her luncheon-parties.

All of which, of course, has nothing to do with my text of the luncheon blouse. The salient idea with the luncheon blouse is that it should be cool, the assumption being that we arrive in furs, beneath

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which a thin blouse is always acceptable, and that the rooms, more probably than not, will be exceedingly hot. Needless to say, the need has been seized with avidity and made much of by those who specialise in such matters, and from out a big *galère* of choice I have small hesitation in picking out a certain heavy crêpe de chine model, hand embroidered in a raised design, broken by a few discreet insertions of lace and open-work stitchery, for special commendation. Apart from the embroidery, however, the idea is replete with simplicity, and consequently stands forth an example of supreme good taste. There are many others more elaborately concocted of lace, tucked chiffon, and chine silk, but that embroidered crêpe de chine is so attractively chaste, so unassuming, so *chic*, and without the very slightest effort. Truly, indeed, is the triumph of smartness found in simplicity.

A Gentle Rivalry

I wonder, have I sufficiently emphasised the charm of the Princesse or corselet skirt? Doucet is making a marked speciality of the vogue, and building models that, while literally moulding the figure, are so fashioned that they set out with an immense flare at the foot. Just clearing the ground, these should make ideal skating gowns, supplemented by modish little shirts of lace, and the inevitable fur or feather stole, an accessory I need scarcely point out that helps to enhance many a pretty pose and figure affectation. But to return to the Princesse, and its influence on evening gowns. Here we have a genuinely enchanting departure, and one that will immediately appeal to the owner of the fine figure, every virtue whereof is accentuated.

Another Perry Tit-bit

My thoughts, wandering back to the pæan of praise written at the commencement on fur toques, reminds me that Arthur Perry, Behring House, Argyll Street, has realised this particular demand in most praiseworthy manner. He employs an expert milliner to build his fur toques, and is making a big bid for popularity with some fascinating sets comprising toques, short cravat stole and muff, in practically the whole run of furs. In Persian paw, the entire set is procurable for £4 11*s.* 6*d.* Some exceptionally good and moderately priced pointed foxes' stoles are to be picked up at Behring House, where every fur labours under its right name, a procedure that affords at once every confidence in dealing there.

The motoring movement has been met with great spirit, a quite novel fur pressed into that service being Golden Mongolian lamb, a capital dust-defying colour, and mightily pleasing in appearance; the models planned to meet every practical need under the auspices of Mr. A. Perry's expert understanding. There is considerable enthusiasm, also, over a tweed coat, lined fur throughout, that is fitted with a hood capacious enough to cover hat as well as head. And with this there goes a tweed toque *en suite*, the whole constituting about as workmanlike attire as the heart of motoring woman could desire. But Behring House overruns with such expert evolvements.

The Menu

VARIOUS WAYS OF COOKING GAME

Roast Haunch of Venison

A Salmi or Hash of Wild Duck

Grouse Pie

Broiled Partridge with Sauce Espagnole

ROAST HAUNCH OF VENISON

Unless the weather is very dry and mild, a haunch of venison may be hung for a fortnight. Flour it well, and sprinkle it over with pepper. Take it down every day and wipe it quite dry. Add more flour and pepper when necessary. Wash it well before cooking, and dry it well with a cloth. Cover it with a sheet of buttered paper, then a flour and water paste about half an inch thick, and then two sheets of greased paper; tie it on firmly with strong tape. Put it down in front of a good fire. Baste it well with good dripping and continue to baste it well all the time it is cooking. Half an hour before it is done, remove the paper and paste, dredge the haunch with flour, and baste well with butter until it is nicely frothed. Send to table on a hot-water dish, and put a frill on the knuckle. Serve its own gravy in a tureen and red-currant jelly.

A SALMI OF WILD DUCK

Put 3 oz. of butter in a stewpan, with 1 oz. flour. Stir them together until it becomes a nice brown. Add by degrees half a tumbler of very good stock and the same quantity of claret, two whole shallots, a bunch of herbs and a bay-leaf, pepper and a little salt, and put in the bones and body of the bird from which you have taken all the meat. Let all this boil gently for half an hour, then strain it through a colander and put the gravy back in the stewpan, and just when on the point of boiling put in all the pieces of bird. Take the stewpan off the fire, add a little lemon juice, put the lid on, and leave it on the side of the stove for another half-hour without even simmering. Toast a round of bread, cut it in four pieces, lay them at the bottom of a very hot dish; arrange the bird on them, pour the gravy over, which ought to be fairly thick; garnish with slices of lemon.

GROUSE PIE

Line the bottom of a pie-dish with 1 lb. of rump steak cut into neat pieces; cut two grouse into joints; season highly with salt, cayenne, and black pepper; pour in some stock, and cover with puff-paste; brush the crust over with the yolk of an egg, and bake an hour. The back-bones and trimmings from the grouse will make the gravy, by stewing them with an onion, a little sherry, a bunch of herbs, and a little mace. This should be poured in after the pie is baked.

BROILED PARTRIDGE

Split a young partridge, and season it with salt and pepper; dip it into clarified butter, and then into very fine breadcrumbs, and be careful that every part is equally covered; place it over a very clear fire, and broil it gently from twenty to thirty minutes. Send it to table with some Espagnole sauce.

Sauce Espagnole.—Cup up some slices of ham, a little veal, and any trimmings of fowl. Put a lump of butter, well mixed with flour, in a saucepan; stir over a quick fire till a good brown colour; moisten with stock, a tumblerful of white wine, and the juice of a lemon. Simmer by the side of the fire for several hours; pass through a wire sieve, clear off all grease, and thicken with a little meat glaze.

Emilia.

Child Literature

The season of children's books has become a critical one, both for authors and publishers; for young people cannot do with just any story book in these days, nor can they do with just any grown-up person. Having themselves become a fashionable psychological study, it is necessary that those things provided for their instruction and amusement should also be invested with the dignity and worth with which a universal child-worship has surrounded them. Our modern methods of up-bringing have really many advantages: they are calculated to develop and direct, without over-straining, natural observation and intelligence, and to cultivate in early childhood a taste which can never be truly formed in later life. Indeed, past training has been abominably stupid. Take, for instance, three principal points of education—moral, intellectual, and artistic—and see what were our bungling efforts to instil them into youthful minds!

A Remarkable Postage Stamp

A set of half-a-dozen of the above stamps were issued by the Cretan Revolution Government, to be sold to philatelists for "revenue" purposes.

The Old Method of Training Children

What was our ancient *moral* code? Children were taught a grave, severe, priggish form of duty, which never allowed for individual characters, nor included the small affairs of every-day life. They resented this view as unreasonable, and have since had the sympathy and assent of maturer judgment. Trying to be good became a bore, if not a positive pain. Sunday was a torture, and there was much provocation for the small girl who pathetically asked her mother: "If, when I get to Heaven, I'm very good and quiet all the week, do you think God would let me out to play on Saturdays?" To-day, our methods are all for joyousness and health of mind and body, for character-strengthening by means of reasonable liberty, and for a morality including the best and brightest in life. Moreover, that once fearful tie of formality and discipline existing between child and parent has become a bond of sympathy and mutual understanding for which we cannot be too thankful.

A Child's Interest in Education

Secondly, how was our intellectual campaign carried on thirty years ago? Little children, who should have been running about and growing in the sunshine, learning Nature's secrets at first hand, were tied to a dreary desk and long hours of dull lessons. Nothing before or since has been invented to make intellectual attainments so utterly distasteful in after years. To educate, as everyone knows, means to "draw out," but our ancestors preferred to *stuff in* raw, indigestible material, often worthless in itself, but always so to unprepared minds. However, the Kindergarten system has done away with all *that!* Our attitude, too, with regard to questions has changed. All bright children ask questions, and are unsatisfied with "You won't understand" as reply. As a matter of fact, the wish to know implies the capacity for understanding, and we have begun to realise that the education a child is asking is part of its own property.

The Need for Sensible Story-Books

Lastly, regarding artistic education, or taste. Here, improvement has been slow; we still fill children's heads with nonsense that must be unlearnt, and give them ideas and standards we ourselves would laugh at—witness our pains in teaching them to mispronounce their own language. Until recently, too, nursery toys and surroundings were invariably ugly: no matter *how* ugly, we said, so long as they were bright. Then again, see the old-fashioned books for children; and in *this* we have truly advanced. To write successful children's stories now, the author must be an artist; and an intelligent woman will only admit tales to her nurseries which are capable of giving artistic pleasure to herself. No dilapidated Aunt Judy, tired of scolding her servants, may while away her time in covering sheets of foolscap for the benefit of nephews and nieces. We used to think that beginnings did not matter; that everything started wrongly would develop into right by some mysterious good fortune. It is, in fact, the beginning which matters most of all—except the end. There is hardly anything fit to offer to their elders which may not be given to children (at least, so soon as their minds can digest it), if it is supplied in a simplified form.

LADY PHYLLIS.

Revolution Run on Postage Stamps

Funds are running low with the Revolutionary Government of Crete, so it has resorted to the expedient sometimes indulged in by the smaller South American States, and has issued from a little village near Canea a set of half a dozen new postage stamps. Philatelists, their rivalry to secure new issues taking precedence of other considerations, will, no doubt, snap up these stamps, which are double the size of those in ordinary use in the island. Until the revolutionaries can gauge the extent of the demand amongst collectors, they have contented themselves with the issue of something slightly over 5,000 stamps.

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

Closed Doors

The Motor Union, now nine thousand members strong, is, in co-operation with the Automobile Club, taking a prominent part in the discussion before the Royal Commission on Motor Traffic. As the public and the Press are not admitted to the Commission, no actual reports of the proceedings are appearing in the papers. I understand, however, that the following are some of the more important points put forward by Mr. Rees Jeffereys on behalf of automobilists :—

The Speed Limit

The burning question of the twenty-mile limit early claimed attention. In practice, it was stated that not only has it proved unsuccessful as a device for securing or increasing the safety of the public, but the positive results have been, that—

(*a*) The speed limit has, in the main, been enforced on the straight and open country roads, where there has been no element of danger.
(*b*) Generally, it has not been enforced through villages, round corners, or places where danger exists.
(*c*) The victims of the Speed Limit Clause have, in the main, been considerate drivers, and not the reckless and inconsiderate drivers.
(*d*) It has placed the police in a position of very great difficulty, and has enabled them to make statements as regards speeds which can neither be proved nor disproved.
(*e*) It has, in districts where the speed limit has been enforced, induced feelings of antagonism (sometimes bitter) between the police and these motorists, who, apart from observing a speed limit, are law-abiding citizens.
(*f*) It has brought, in some districts, the Magisterial Bench into disrepute, and made the administration of local justice in those districts a bye-word.
(*g*) It has deprived certain villages of police protection for prolonged periods.
(*h*) It has added to the cost of automobilism—roughly, £10 per annum would be an estimated insurance provision against speed-limit prosecutions.

Maximum Speed No Test of Considerate Driving

It follows, then, that a fixed speed limit encourages drivers to think that they may maintain a uniform speed at all times of twenty miles an hour through towns, villages, when overtaking passengers, and so on. From a public point of view these drivers are far more dangerous, and far more inconsiderate, than a man who drives up to forty miles on an open road, and who slows down to eight or twelve miles and under when overtaking a cyclist or a horse or passing through a village.

The Law Consistently and Persistently Broken

At present the limit is constantly and consistently exceeded; nine-tenths of car-owners do not drive their motors on any single day without exceeding the twenty-mile limit at some time or another. *A twenty-mile limit of speed for motor-cars is as reasonable and as likely to be observed as a three-mile limit maximum for pedestrians.* Such a speed limit brings the law into disrespect, and its administration into contempt, when it is known that, from Cabinet members down to the humblest motor cyclist, including Members of Parliament, Justices of the Peace, doctors, and officials of public authorities, the law is habitually disregarded.

The Safety of the Motor-Car

The experiences of recent years shows in a striking way how safe the car really is. A return which has been handed in to the Commissioners shows that 2,732 automobilists—members of the Motor Union—have travelled 44,352,000 miles, and that the number of accidents in which they have been involved has resulted in sixteen fatal and 356 non-fatal injuries to members of the public. This gives the average number of fatal accidents per 10,000 miles travelled as ·003, and non-fatal as ·08, or put it in another form it works out as: one person killed per 2,772,000 miles travelled; one person injured per 125,000 miles travelled. A record which shows how safe the motor-car is as compared with other classes of road vehicles.

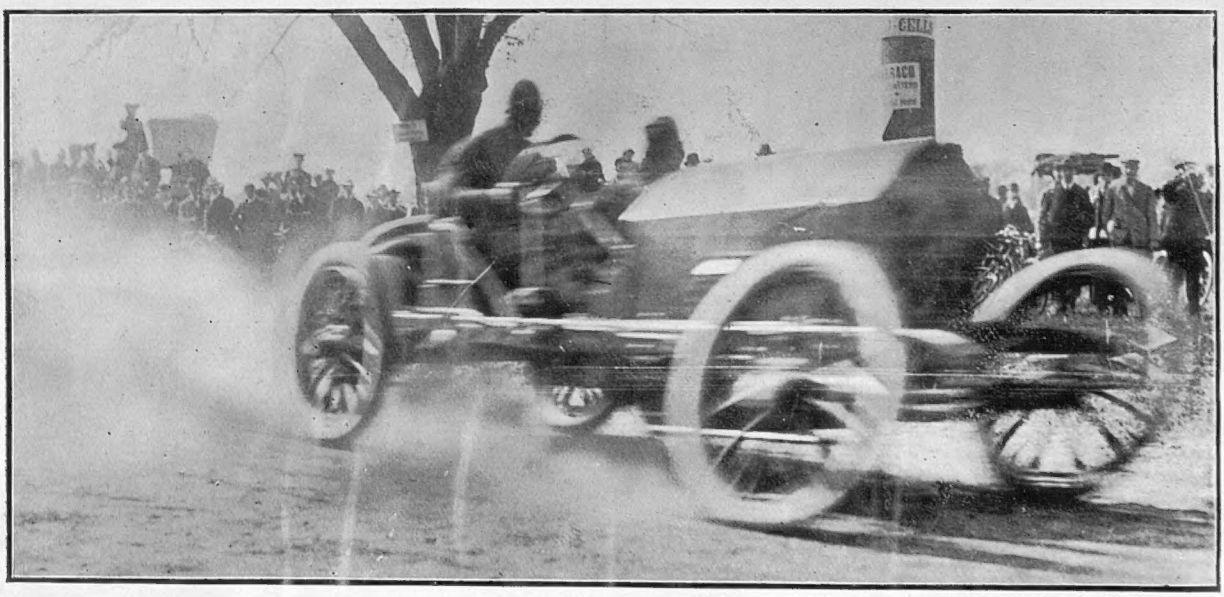

Photo by *F. E. Spooner*

An Impression of Speed!

Tracy rounding Sturn, where Foxhall Keene came to grief in the Vanderbilt Trial, U.S.A.

Penalties Unnecessarily Heavy

Amongst other points, evidence was given before the Commission to show—

That the maximum penalties in the Motor Car Act are too high.

. . . . . .

That they do not make for the uniformity of the administration of the Law.

. . . . . .

That in motor-car cases fines vary, not with the gravity of the offence, but with the general opinions of the magistrates.

. . . . . .

That there is a strong feeling among many automobilists who have been prosecuted that they have been fined with unnecessary severity.

. . . . . .

That this feeling is partly induced by a comparison with the treatment meted out to other highway offenders.

. . . . . .

That a drunken carter is frequently assisted home by the police, but if he is abusive and summoned, the fine imposed is seldom more than 2*s.* 6*d.* or 5*s.*

. . . . . .

That a man leaving a horse unattended and obstructing the highway is rarely summoned; should he be prosecuted, only a trivial penalty is imposed.

. . . . . .

That both these offenders are a source of danger to the public, but that the motorist charged only with a technical offence is fined at least £2 to £5.

That Dust

Eventually, of course, came the question of the dust, when it was urged—

That the chief cause of the feeling that exists against the motor-car is due to the dust raised in the suburban and rural districts.

. . . . . .

That the first step towards the final solution of the dust problem is the creation of a small expert and highly-trained staff at the Local Government Board to bring together the results of the various experiments in the matter of dustless road construction.

That dust is not a new problem, as reference to the literature of the coaching period shows. It has, however, been revived in an acute manner by the motor-car.

. . . . . .

That the prime cause of the dust is the lack of scientific methods employed in the construction and maintenance of roads.

. . . . . .

That an expert central staff in highway administration is urgently required.

. . . . . .

That the final solution of the motor problem is only to be found in the general adaptation of the roads to modern requirements, quite apart from motor-car traffic.

. . . . . .

That the roads of this country are not sufficient for the requirements of the general traffic.

. . . . . .

That our system of road maintenance is absolutely unscientific.

. . . . . .

That no system of trunk road construction exists, *i.e.*, it is nowadays impossible to build a trunk road through, connecting two cities.

The Broad Issue

These and other important points were put forward, and then the broad question was stated:—Will the State encourage the development of the Automobile Movement? Will it give the necessary facilities for cheapening the motor, and bring it more and more within the range of the great mass of the population of this country? Further restrictions, increased taxation, tighter regulations, must press most heavily upon those who desire to use the car for utilitarian purposes—for the doctor on his professional rounds, the business man, the commercial traveller Restrictions fall lightest on the wealthy classes, who use the car for purely pleasure purposes, they fall more heavily on those who use it for business. The public interest demands that this latter class should be encouraged to use the motor. ALFRED C. HUNTER.

A Motor Overboard

Mr. Cinquevalli's motor-car, which fell from a Liverpool ferry-boat into the Mersey last week, and sank to the bottom. The speed at which the car made the run constitutes a record. The car made the return journey in due course at reduced speed

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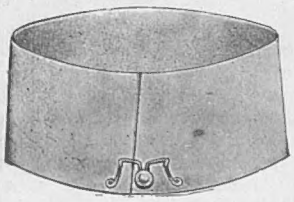

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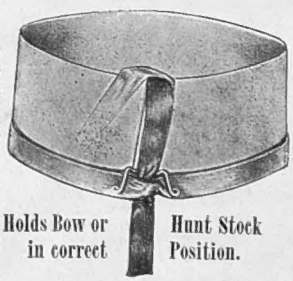

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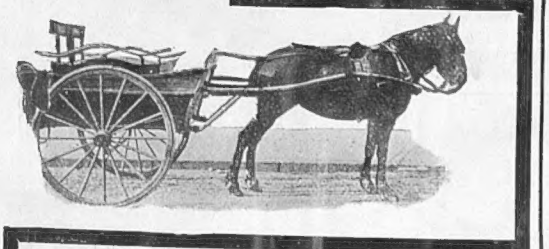

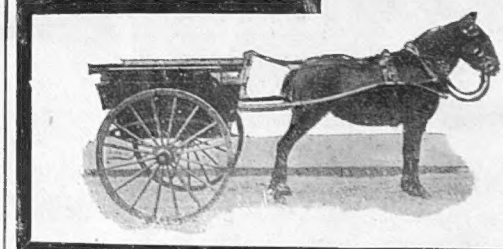

We beg to call attention to our special lines in Luggage Floats and Governess Cars, as shown above. Over 700 of these have already been sold. Fitted with Lancewood Shafts and Warner Wheels, Patent Turn-Over Seats; all warranted and sent on approval by expenses being paid, carriage being refunded if approved. **Anyone purchasing one of these special lines can have half cost refunded if returning vehicle in good condition within twelve months.** Rubber Tyres, £4 4 0 extra. Harness, £5 5 0 per set. Please send for list.

The Editor's Box

Book Notes

In a little volume entitled "Rhymes and Rondeaux" (A. C. Glynn Grylls, 27, Chancery Lane, W.C. : 1*s.*), two poets, styling themselves "J. E. B." and "J. W. M." respectively, have issued to the public a score or more clever little verses, parodies, and skits, some of which have appeared in the Press, and most of which show humour and talent.

A practical guide to Rome and its environs, similar to those issued by the same firm on "Cairo of To-day" and "Jerusalem," will be published in December by Adam and Charles Black, price 2*s.* 6*d.* It will contain eight illustrations in three colours, plans, and maps.

A Valuable Library at Auction

It is interesting to note that the whole library of the late Sir Joseph Hawley, Bart., will be sold by auction on November 20. The sale is likely to attract more than the usual amount of interest in consequence of the books being dispersed at "Leybourne Grange," Malling, Kent—the well-known residence of the late owner—where the collection was formed. The County Histories are numerous and particularly fine, amongst others will be found, Hoare's "Ancient and Modern Wiltshire," Shaw's "Staffordshire," Surtees' "Durham," Clutterbuck's "Hertford," etc., mostly in choice morocco and calf binding by Rivière, Bedford, Hayday, and others. In addition, there are rare books of travel, biographies, and, in fact, examples of all branches of literature, the valuable and interesting accumulation of many years. The whole of the contents of the mansion, which include some fine clocks and bronzes, will be dispersed at the same time. The auctioneers entrusted with the sale of the above are Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of Cockspur Street, London.

The Alhambra Programme

Some very interesting new features were presented at the Alhambra last Monday. Chief of these is a new romantic Spanish scena, introducing Senorita Maria la Bella, who plays the leading part. The production, beautifully mounted in two scenes by E. H. Ryan, shows a Spanish wayside wineshop and the exterior of the Cathedral at Seville. The "Urbanora" exhibition is constantly being changed. The new series are "Whitstable Oysters" and "A City Man's Busy Day." In the latter is introduced realistic scenes of Liverpool Street Station, Epsom races, a famous London restaurant, the Alhambra, and a remarkable panorama of Pall Mall, Trafalgar Square, etc., taken from a motor-car.

An Old-Established Business

The Mr. Richard Gillow, of Leighton Hall, who died a few days ago, was the son of the last member of the family to be directly connected with the firm of Gillow's, the famous furniture designers, of 406-412, Oxford Street, W. The business was founded by a Robert Gillow, a joiner, in Lancaster, in 1695; so that it has flourished through the reigns of nine British Sovereigns. Messrs. Waring and Gillow have lately had on exhibition in Oxford Street what is styled "the finest British carpet of its class ever made," remarkable for its design, colour, and magnificent detail, specially manufactured for the Palm Court of the Carlton Hotel, Johannesburg.

"F.D.B. Segars"

Messrs. J. R. Freeman and Son, manufacturers of "Freemans' Darvel Bay Segars" (popularly known as "F.D.B Segars"), have recently added to the numerous prize medals already obtained for the quality and general excellence of their goods, having been awarded a gold medal at the Liége Universal Exhibition, and also the gold medal for the best British-made cigar at the Brewers' and Allied Traders' Exhibition (1905).

Marshall and Snelgrove's New Shop-Front

In these days, when every architectural street improvement is hailed with joy by Londoners, we are pleased to notice that Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, Ltd., have recently much improved and modernised their Oxford Street shop-front, thus giving an opportunity for a larger and more effective display.

Award for the Ardath Tobacco Company

For some years past the smoking public have fully recognised the unique superiority of all productions which emanate from the world-famous Ardath tobacco factory. This decision has now been officially confirmed by the conferment of the only gold medal to be awarded for cigarette manufacture in the tobacco section of the exhibition recently held at the Agricultural Hall. This unique mark of merit carries with it the commendation of the expert judges for the superiority of the articles in question, and is awarded for the purity of the tobaccos, excellence of the workmanship, and daintiness of design in the mode of packing. The fact that the winning of the medal has been gained on the first occasion on which the Ardath Tobacco Company have exhibited at any exhibition speaks for itself, and the popularity of the world-famous State Express Cigarettes and other productions of the Ardath Tobacco Company will still further be enhanced by this signal sign of approval of their merits.

Notice to our Subscribers

The Title Page and Index to Volume VII. of THE BYSTANDER can be had free on application to the Publisher, Tallis Street, E.C., enclosing 1*d.* stamp to cover cost of postage.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be 1d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

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